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LORD WESTBURY'S RESIGNATION.

LORD WESTBURY, in his short address to the House of Lords on Wednesday, abstained, with discretion and good taste, from questioning the deliberate verdict of the Commons. The vote which has saved the Government, exonerated Parliament, and restored national self-respect, also tends to mitigate the bitterness of feeling with which Lord WESTBURY himself was regarded. The numerous personal and political hostilities which he had provoked may perhaps be partially appeased by the attainment of revenge. Graver and juster critics of his public conduct are now, for the first time since the recent disclosures, at liberty to indulge their sympathies for great ability and legitimate ambition, when a long and prosperous career is interrupted by a painful and merited downfall. The evidence on the Leeds inquiry appears to prove that the LORD CHANCELLOR was but imperfectly cognisant of the corrupt and irregular practices of the worthless persons by whom he was surrounded. On the other hand, he had sufficient notice of their proceedings to have excited his suspicions, even if he had not himself, in more than one instance, given an example of culpable laxity. It is to be hoped that the subordinate agents and authors of corruption will not be allowed to escape the consequences of their guilt. Lord WESTBURY's successor has several clues to follow up which will probably introduce him to as many labyrinths of dishonesty. The Committee was too much occupied with its special subjects of investigation to institute collateral inquiries into some of the irregularities which were incidentally disclosed. Mr. MILLER, in one of his remarkable letters, defended the proceedings of an offending functionary by quoting three or four instances of deeper culpability which seem hitherto to have escaped without punishment. The blanks which were properly left in the published copy of the document had been filled up in the original. It would be grossly unfair to condemn any person on the unsupported assertion of Mr. MILLER, but the Secretary in Bankruptcy would scarcely have ventured to communicate to the LORD CHANCELLOR a mere string of calumnious fictions. There is no proof that Lord WESTBURY profited by the information which he had received by inquiring into charges with which, indeed, he may perhaps have been previously familiar. It seems to have been thought not surprising that any Registrar in Bankruptcy should be liable to the most serious imputations. In the cases of Mr. EDMUNDS, Mr. WINSLOW, and Mr. WILDE, the LORD CHANCELLOR disposed of public money with an indifference to the merits of the claimants which would have been morally blameable even if he had been pensioning servants or dependents out of his own private fortune. Of the far more inexcusable offence of corruption the CHANCELLOR was justly acquitted. Although Mr. WELCH obtained, immediately after the payment of the purchase-money, the office which he intended to buy, it was proved that Mr. BETHELL had not communicated with his father during the interval, either by word or letter. It is not impossible that the coincidence of the appointment with the bribe may have been due to the intervention of Mr. BETHELL's officious and accommodating friend Mr. MILLER. Mr. WELCH's testimonials had been ineffectually presented at an earlier period; but the Secretary in Bankruptcy, who knew the proper time to speak, perhaps found an opportunity of submitting them once more to his principal at the decisive moment.

Lord WESTBURY was condemned by the mere fact of the occurrence of accumulated scandals in his department during his tenure of office. The late disclosures have created a painful feeling of doubt and surprise, not only as far as they indicated individual neglect of duty, but through the wide ramifications of dishonourable practice which were partially and casually laid open. It was much that such a delinquent as Mr. EDMUNDS should have involved a Lord Chancellor in the discredit of his transactions; but it was still more painful to find that

several persons, high in office or position, had come at different times in contact with his affairs, not without defilement of their reputation. Incessantly accumulating employments, and, by favour or by contract, transferring himself from one office to another, Mr. EDMUNDS seems never to have found a difficulty in effecting a bargain of which the consideration was in some form or other paid by the State. Mr. WELCH may perhaps have formed an erroneous theory of the world in which he lives, but it is startling to find that a person who has attained a fair position avows with a cynical and unconscious impudence his habitual belief that promotion is to be obtained by pecuniary loans to members of Parliament and other persons of influence. There would be nothing shameful to the country in the mere promulgation of such a libel. The painful circumstance is that, in one case at least, *non potuisse refelli*, for Mr. WELCH paid money to obtain a place, and he was not disappointed in his expectation. The HARDINGS, the WELCHS, and the R. BETHELLS belong to a class, which exists in all countries, either of demoralized spendthrifts or of coarse and unscrupulous traders on the weakness and dishonesty of their neighbours. It is a new discovery, however, that the public purse is not secure against their depredations. It is in some respects fortunate that attention should have been fixed on a latent evil by the more or less conscious complicity of one of the highest officers of State.

Few evils could be greater than the repetition of the scandal during any future incumbency of the woolsack. The most urgent duty of the Minister was to fill the vacancy with a candidate of known and faultless character, and although Lord CRANWORTH's abilities are not to be compared to Lord WESTBURY's, he has been known through a long public career as a man of scrupulous honour. It may be hoped that he possesses an active and restless hatred of existing abuses. It is his duty to restore official purity as well as to maintain it. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, though his zeal in the defence of a colleague may be excused, misapplied a hacknied quotation when he contrasted Lord WESTBURY's attainments and public services with the admitted stains on his administrative character:—

ubi plura nitent in carmine non ego paucis
Offendar maculis.

Special knowledge may be set off against partial ignorance; solidity may atone for slowness, and brilliancy often secures tolerance for shallowness; but intellectual power and moral obliquity are absolutely incommensurable. Before a balance is struck it should be ascertained that the compensating merits are of the same kind with the defects which they are to cover. One "little pitted speck in "garnered fruit" destroys the value of the bloom and the fragrance, and "a few" aberrations from official rectitude are too many to be excused.

The debate in the House of Commons was less interesting and less important than the division. The Ministers and their supporters struggled as for a victory, but they had the consolation, in their defeat, of knowing that triumph would have been fatal to their cause. Some writers who had inveighed vehemently against Lord WESTBURY, until their censures were ratified by the House, have since devised the absurd complaint that he was condemned by a party vote, and they are disposed to regard Mr. BOUVIERIE and the other seceders as deserters. If party distinctions are ever beneficial, an Opposition discharges an exceptionally useful duty when it checks and punishes malversation of office. In the particular case, the majority expressed the unanimous judgment of the House, although 166 members, under the influence of party considerations, thought fit to compromise or suppress their genuine opinions. That the vigilance of party has in truth been dangerously relaxed was proved by the explanation of the WINSLOW pension in the early part of the evening. The CHANCELLOR was exempt from risk of censure, though he had

sanctioned an unfit grant of public money, because he had acted on the request of two or three respectable members of the Opposition. Seven years ago Mr. GLADSTONE'S indiscreet conduct in the Ionian Islands, as well as the probable illegality of his appointment by Sir E. B. LYTTON, were safe from Parliamentary criticism, because a Conservative Government had employed an eminent politician whom the Liberal Opposition feared to alienate from their party. In the present Session two salaried offices of Referees, created without the smallest necessity, were safe from inquiry in the House of Commons because they were respectively bestowed on a Conservative and a Liberal partisan. Whenever the Opposition conspires with the Government for the purposes of jobbery, the public interest is absolutely unprotected. Mr. BOUVIER might perhaps have been excused if he had preferred the vindication of justice to the interests of the Ministry; but, as it happened, he injured his party only as an engineer injures a strained boiler when he opens a safety-valve. No official bearings or fittings could much longer have borne the accumulating pressure.

The arguments of the LORD ADVOCATE, of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and of Lord PALMERSTON were only permissible because it is fair that every accused person should be defended by counsel. While the LORD ADVOCATE busied himself in demonstrating that a jury might perhaps have acquitted the CHANCELLOR on each separate charge, every impartial member knew that the gravity of the accusation was greatly enhanced by the number of irregularities which had been committed. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL still more wildly attempted or affected to divert the attention of the House from the principal issue, by contending that it was more urgent to take security for the future than to inquire into the errors of the irremediable past. Public opinion will have descended far down the slope of corruption when it is seriously thought more important to save a few hundreds a year than to determine whether the LORD CHANCELLOR of England has performed his functions with spotless purity. Sir ROUNDELL PALMER is neither lax in his moral judgment nor prone to rhetorical sophistry, but if he had no better excuse to suggest for the vote which he supported, it would perhaps have been better to await the decision of the House in silence. The defence removed any possible doubt which might have been entertained of the justice and expediency of a temperate censure. Even when it is exercising judicial functions, the House of Commons ought never to forget that it is also bound to consult the public interest. Mr. BOUVIER'S resolution was equivalent to a declaration that the CHANCELLOR ought to resign, and if the question had been put on the issue which practically awaited a decision, there could scarcely have been a pretext for a dissentient voice. Now that justice has been done, no generous mind will exult in the misfortunes of one of the ablest men of the time. Lord WESTBURY'S errors have received severe punishment, and his petty defects of manner or of temper may be readily forgotten and forgiven when he is incurring the consequence of more serious faults.

AUSTRIA.

WHATEVER uncertainty may still hang over the Ministerial crisis in Austria, there can be no doubt that the main reason for the change that has been made is the disposition of the EMPEROR to make concessions to Hungary. The policy of centralizing everything in the Austrian Government, and placing the central influence under the control of Germans, has had a fair trial and has broken down, and the counter-policy of giving as large a share as possible of independent existence to the different provinces of the Empire is now to be tried. There are undoubtedly excellent arguments against both policies. Against the Hungarian theory of government it may be urged that, if the provinces are to be independent, the Empire will either cease to exist, or will exist only in name; and the experience of England may be adduced to show that neighbouring countries under one monarchy do not coalesce into a powerful whole until local Parliaments have been swept away. Against the German theory of government it may be urged with equal force that it assumes so great a superiority in the German subjects of the EMPEROR that all the rest will be wisely and contentedly guided by them. The EMPEROR, when he first decided on setting up something in the likeness of constitutional government, had to weigh these relative disadvantages, and he came to the conclusion that the German system should be tried first. In M. VON SCHMERLING it found a capable and resolute exponent, and the EMPEROR has stood

honestly and firmly by his choice, and has waited till time and events revealed in what this German system would really issue. It is now apparent to every one that M. VON SCHMERLING and his system have failed. Neither branch of his main assumption has been warranted by facts. The centralizing politicians have not shown a capacity for governing, and the provincial leaders have not shown a willingness to bow to them. The Reichsrath, as at present constituted, has not answered. It has not won the confidence even of the Austrian Germans, and still less has it won the confidence of the non-German provincials. The Ministers have done nothing. They have utterly collapsed in finance, and the last act of the Reichsrath has been to take the management of the Budget into its own hands, and to insist on a material reduction in the Estimates. The liabilities of the State can only be met by a new loan, contracted in great haste, and on onerous terms; and an increase of taxation is recognised as impossible, because the taxpayers are already squeezed to their last farthing. Measures such as the reform of the criminal law and the remodelling of the currency, which have been loudly demanded and lavishly promised for years, are no forwarder than they were when the Ministry of M. VON SCHMERLING first took office, and rigorous laws still fetter the press, commerce, and every kind of enterprise. It would be unfair to say that the Reichsrath has done no good. The very fact of its existence is a pledge that the days of the old muddle-headed martinet despotism are gone by; and many of its members have shown that Austria can find competent representatives, and that a constitutional government of some sort or other is possible there so far as its possibility depends on the presence of intelligent and reasonable Deputies. The nation has been encouraged by this, and some check has from time to time been imposed on the excesses of Ministerial zeal by the publicity which debates in the Reichsrath have given to their misdoings. But such virtues as the Reichsrath has displayed are not connected with the Ministry, or with the special system which the Ministry upholds. The Reichsrath has shown spirit and vitality, but it has almost exclusively shown them when it has acted and spoken in opposition to the Government.

The fact is that the Ministry has never been able to redeem the vice of its origin. It was founded on a complete mistake. The leaders of society and opinion in the Austrian provinces were not willing to bow to a Parliamentary Government established in Vienna, and directed by Germans. The Government has never got any forwarder; Bohemia, Galicia, Hungary, Transylvania, either avoid the Reichsrath altogether or fail to co-operate with it heartily. There is no central force in Austria with an attractive power. The units that began by being only nominally joined do not adhere more closely; the units that began by not being joined are still disunited. The only centralizing power at the command of the Government is the centralizing power of force. The Hungarians refuse to send deputies to the Reichsrath, and wait patiently till their own national Diet is allowed to meet. Force makes them patient; they have no fancy for another war; but they keep aloof from Austria in every way open to them, and as they only yield to force, this force must be constantly exercised. The consequence has been that M. VON SCHMERLING, who entered office to establish constitutional government, has found himself obliged to devote almost the whole of his time and attention to devising and carrying out measures of coercion and repression. There are probably many of the counsellors of the EMPEROR who think that this is only very natural and proper, and who consider that, if the provinces are for ever disobedient, they must be for ever coerced. But the EMPEROR has had the sense to ask himself whether this policy of coercion can last for ever, and there are two very plain reasons staring him in the face to convince him that it cannot. In the first place, the system of governing by force is rapidly ceasing to pay its own expenses. The money it requires cannot be obtained. The soldiers, the police, and the officials requisite for its efficiency cost so much that the taxes cannot support them, and the taxes cannot be increased. In the next place, Austria under this system ceases to have any foreign policy or any foreign influence. If she can scarcely find the money to keep up the force necessary to hold her own provinces in subjection, she certainly cannot find the money necessary if any great enterprises beyond her border are to be attempted. But for Austria to be powerless abroad is to abandon her whole position in Germany. She can no longer be the leader of those smaller States which are most kindly disposed to her, if she gives them no hope that she can fight their battles. Austria has, with some difficulty, managed to put forth enough strength for the occupation of

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the Duchies. But she has found her joint ownership with Prussia very unpleasant, for Prussia was in a position to dictate to her, and used the opportunity very freely. Probably of all the causes that have led to the downfall of the SCHMERLING Ministry none has practically been so powerful as the EMPEROR's sense of shame and humiliation at the position in the Duchies which Prussia has forced him to accept. It was M. VON BISMARCK who sent him to Pesth and drove him into the arms of the Hungarians; and it is M. VON BISMARCK who has finally proved to the Austrian public that the SCHMERLING system of constitutional government, with its high theories of German superiority and German influence, and its final issue in bankruptcy and political impotence, cannot possibly be the real remedy for the maladies of the Empire.

Whether a different policy will give the EMPEROR new strength, and a federalizing succeed better than a centralizing policy, it is evident that he thinks it will, and has begun to take advantage of the triumph which his hopes promise him. Ever since he determined to be reconciled, if possible, to his Hungarian subjects, he has taken quite a new tone in dealing with Prussia. It is said that his Government has even hinted that the Prussian force in the Duchies is unnecessarily large, and that the unhappy inhabitants of those provinces ought not to be called on to pay for what they do not want. The cause of the Duke of AUGUSTENBURG is also now espoused as openly by Austria as it is opposed by Prussia. Neither he nor any other Duke has any business in the Duchies, according to the last Prussian theory; for the only valid title to the Duchies which now exists is the title by conquest which Austria and Prussia gained in the Danish war. The Duchies belong to the conquerors, and this gets rid of all inquiries as to preceding titles. If the Duke of AUGUSTENBURG would do exactly what he was told, and make all his male subjects liable to serve in the Prussian army, he might possibly receive from the conquerors the titular sovereignty of the Duchies. But Austria, since Austria has been stimulated by hope into an independent policy, has quite a different view of the matter. Austria and Prussia are joint occupants of the Duchies, if not joint owners; but Austria will neither withdraw in favour of Prussia nor allow the joint occupancy to continue indefinitely. The question of the future of the Duchies must therefore be referred to some third party, and evidently the Bund, as representing all Germans who are not Austrian or Prussian, is the only proper arbitrator. But it is known beforehand that the representatives of the smaller States are almost unanimous in wishing that the Duke of AUGUSTENBURG should have the Duchies. If, therefore, he is the certain choice of the final arbitrator, and is also, as beyond question he is, the choice of the Duchies themselves, he ought to be treated with the respect due to a future minor German Sovereign, whereas Prussia is always trying to harass and humiliate him, and would send him out of the Duchies in a moment if Austria would permit it. The general result, therefore, is the very strange one that Austria for the moment, by abandoning her German policy at home, is enabled to lead the German opposition to Prussia, and is emboldened to confront the great military monarchy of Northern Germany, because she has become convinced that she cannot keep down the Hungarians by force. It is evident that such a state of things is only transitory. If the way to reconcile Hungary to Austria without breaking up the Empire is discovered, the Hungarians may be willing at first to obey the wishes of their KING, and would possibly be as ready to fight Prussians as any one else. But, sooner or later, the policy of Austria will be controlled by the necessity of consulting the wishes of her provinces, if they are made independent; and the tendency of this will naturally be to withdraw her from the sphere of minor German politics. Besides, it is by no means certain that the effort to conciliate Hungary will be successful, and the consequences of the failure open an ample field for the most dismal prophecies. The EMPEROR may have been quite right to try this last chance of strengthening his Empire, and to make the most of the possibility of success in his dealings with Prussia; but it is to be feared that the last chance is not a very good one, and that Austria is approaching a time of great trouble and perplexity.

THE OXFORD CONTEST.

THE General Election brings on again the Sisyphean effort to turn Mr. GLADSTONE out of Oxford. But this SISYPHUS, for reasons best known to himself, tries each time with a new stone. The old stones—Lord CHANDOS and his predecessors—are left lying like a group of boulders at the bottom of the

fatal hill. Another novelty is introduced into the contest on this occasion by the new Act for voting by papers, which now comes into operation. This Act is, as a piece of legislation, a disgrace to the Parliament by which it was passed. The framers have thought, apparently, to cover its absurd perplexities and ambiguities by visiting all who fail to put the right construction upon nonsense with a year's imprisonment for a misdemeanour. They are like the Eastern despot who, when people fail to tell him his dream and the interpretation thereof, orders them to be cut in pieces and their houses to be made a dunghill. Among other things, the person presenting the vote at the poll is made solemnly to declare that he is "personally acquainted" with the absent voter. This provision, as will be seen at once, affords no additional security whatever for the genuineness of the vote, unless the person presenting the vote happens to know the voter's handwriting—a knowledge which "personal acquaintance" by no means necessarily involves. It does, however, create great additional difficulties, and will probably occasion the loss of a large percentage of votes, since there are many old members of colleges who have long ceased to have any personal acquaintances at Oxford. There are scores, perhaps, known to nobody but the Head of their House, who, to make the Act perfect, ought to be required to be resident in Oxford at the time of the election, under penalty of seven years' transportation. What constitutes "personal acquaintance" the Act does not say. It leaves the definition to the electioneering conscience, under the penalty of a year's imprisonment in case of misinterpretation. The leading members of both Committees will stand a fair chance of incurring this sentence, besides being justly branded for life as having falsely made a solemn declaration. The Act, which was desired by nobody, will probably be repealed by general consent.

With the renewal of the contest, the question again arises, what is the use or object of it? What good does any opponent of Mr. GLADSTONE expect to do by turning him out of his own seat into that of somebody else, and somebody else into his? This, of course, would be the only result of his defeat, since there can be no doubt that a man so eminent in finance, and with such a hold on the commercial world, would easily find another seat. Parliament will not be rid of him. He will only be insulted and irritated by ejection, not weakened or damaged in any way. For the purposes of the Liberal party he will be stronger when his Oxford ties are broken, and the almost universal desire of that party is that he may be transferred to some place where he would be wholly theirs. But Oxford is his proper seat. Everybody identifies him with Oxford. Everybody who looks at these matters in any but the narrowest party view thinks that he does honour to Oxford, and that, with his combination of political eminence and high academical cultivation, he is the sort of man that Oxford owes to the councils of the nation. The franchise is not given to places of learning merely that they may present us with two highly respectable additions to the long rows of country gentlemen or chairmen of railways. That Mr. GLADSTONE has, by some things which he has said and done, frightened a good many of his constituents, as well as a good many other people, is true; an intellect so active and susceptible as his, in the midst of a very moving age, cannot be expected to stand still, or always, in its progress, to keep even pace with the steps of ordinary men. But he has added greatly to the safety and strength of the University by putting her more in harmony with the general sentiments of the nation, and to him, above all men, is due the increase of national sympathy which of late years Oxford has undoubtedly received. There can be no doubt that hereafter he will take his place among her worthies and her glories; and that to have had a hand in turning him out, much more to be the man who has taken his place, will be at least as unenviable a distinction in academical history as to have taken a part in the expulsion of LOCKE. This remark may sound strange to Mr. GLADSTONE's opponents now. A similar remark would have sounded equally strange to LOCKE's opponents in their day.

If Mr. GLADSTONE would be turned out of a seat which peculiarly belongs to him, Mr. GATHORNE HARDY would be turned into the seat which, of all the seats in England, is not his. He has earned merited distinction among his party and in the House of Commons, but his distinction is pre-eminently not of the academical kind. As a member for an agricultural constituency, he is excellent; as a member for a University, his position would be quite incongruous. He does himself an injustice, and exposes himself to something like obloquy, by allowing himself to be used as the instrument of the violent enemies of Mr. GLADSTONE at Oxford, or rather in the Carlton,

to inflict a senseless stigma upon a man whose great intellectual eminence and high character he cannot, as a man of sense and candour, fail to acknowledge. He runs a risk of compromising his own political future by binding himself, as he will, body and soul to the Tory and "High and Dry" section of the Oxford constituency—the most fanatically retrograde party perhaps in the whole country. This, we repeat, is a moving age; and the annals of the Oxford representation are pregnant with the warning that he who lends himself as the whip to punish the sins of high intellect to-day may have reason to-morrow to wish that he had played the more generous part. CANNING was the destined member for the University. But CANNING's mind was moving. He was set aside in favour of the safe and immoveable PEEL; and the sequel is well known. Mr. HARDY is no doubt assured, by those who bring him forward, of certain success. So were Mr. ROUND, Mr. PERCIVAL, Dr. MARSHAM, and Lord CHANDOS. It seems to be taken for granted that, if defeated, he can fall back on Leominster. But is Leominster so kind as to put up with the contingency of his affections, or to be like the sailor's second wife at Calcutta, while he has a more honoured spouse at the other end of his voyage? Mr. ROUND, in grasping at Oxford, lost Essex. The unseating of Mr. HARDY would be the loss of an excellent man of business to the House of Commons.

Mr. GLADSTONE has become, from various causes, personally obnoxious to a large party in the Carlton; and the party is of course determined, if possible, to deal him a blow, no matter at whose expense. To ask it to abstain from this opposition out of consideration for the interest of the University would be about as hopeful as to ask a shark to drop a negro in deference to the claims of philanthropy. But those who, in dealing with the representation of the University, have the interest of the University itself most at heart, though they will not leave political or ecclesiastical principles out of sight, must refuse to be guided by sentiments engendered amidst the personal affrays or the mere faction fights of the House of Commons. The ejection of a man of Mr. GLADSTONE's mark would lower any constituency in the eyes of the nation. But the moral consequences of his ejection from Oxford would be singularly bad. It would be universally regarded as a secession of the University from the interests and sympathies of the nation at large, to which she has been reconciling herself of late in a marked manner, and as a return to the Egypt of that old Eldonian tyranny under which she was so isolated, so unpopular, and therefore so powerless for good. She may be, and, if she is true to herself, must be, a Conservative institution in the largest and best sense of the term. But it is upon condition of her keeping her hold upon the heart of the whole nation. That hold she would terribly loosen by receding from the more popular position which she has lately taken up, ejecting a Liberal-Conservative High Churchman from a seat which has been habitually held for life, and thus declaring herself, in the most marked manner, irrevocably bound to the Eldonian section of the Tory party. She would be said to have signally disowned and punished the man who has most laboured, in his economical policy, to improve the condition of the working-man. Such is the feeling of her best friends, however High Church and Conservative they may be, as the names of Mr. GLADSTONE's Committee show. And if Mr. HARDY persists in going to the poll, great as is our respect for him, we cannot but wish, on grounds entirely apart from and above those recognised by the managers of party, that he may fail to do a mischief to himself, and a still greater mischief to interests for which there is every reason to believe that he has a sincere regard.

ITALY AND THE POPE.

WHETHER the negotiations between Rome and Italy are finally broken off or temporarily interrupted is a question that can only be settled by the POPE and by his confidants. For the present, we may take it that there are but slight hopes of any immediate understanding, otherwise M. VEGEZZI's return to Florence would be unmeaning. When he next goes back to Rome, it will be time enough to recommence speculations about his chances of converting the Papacy to reason. The POPE and the Italian Government are said to be still at variance upon three distinct points—the *exequatur*, the diminution of the number of the Italian bishoprics, and the episcopal oath or declaration. Probably the last of the three is the only formidable subject of dispute. It is perfectly true that, as a matter of principle, the Church of Rome denies to civil governments "the right of *exequatur*." The assertion

of the right—*jus quod vocant exequatur*—is denounced in the recent Encyclical in common with the *appel comme d'abus*—*jus appellationis, quam nuncupant abus*. But in reality the Papacy repudiates, in the abstract, many rights which, in consideration of the frailty of modern civil governments, she is willing to concede in practice. Rome seldom signs a Concordat that is not full of these little sacrifices. There are plenty of them in the French Concordat of 1801, the Organic Articles of which reenact all the important provisions that are either to be deduced from the Declaration of 1682 or to be found enumerated by PITHOU. The Church, in denying the claim of the civil power to take any of these privileges, does not deny her own authority to confer them. The Catholics of France have often contended that Rome is not bound by the FIRST CONSUL's organic laws, to which she was no party; but no one ever dreamt of maintaining that Rome could not concede what she pleased in the body of a convention itself. It would seem that a difficulty in the wording of the Italian *exequatur* is one of the rocks on which the negotiation has been wrecked. The difficulty can scarcely be deemed insurmountable. So long as Rome is ready practically to allow the right, it would hardly be worth while to fight over its historical or constitutional origin. Few things, in truth, would be simpler than to construct a preamble which might satisfy both parties. The right of nomination to French bishoprics may, according to ecclesiastical jurists, be regarded as inherent in the French Crown, or as conferred upon French monarchs by the Concordat between FRANCIS I. and LEO X. In the abortive Concordat presented to the French Chamber of Deputies by M. LAINÉ, in 1817, the question is amicably disposed of by a recital of both the sources from which the right may have derived. "Conformément au Concordat passé entre FRANÇOIS I. et LÉON X, le roi seul nomme en vertu du droit inhérent à la Couronne aux évêchés et archevêchés dans toute l'étendue du royaume." Upon the subject of *a priori* claims, Rome is piously tenacious, even to the verge of casuistry; but if PIUS IX. and Cardinal ANTONELLI were imbued for half an hour with the spirit of PIUS VII. and Cardinal CONSALVI, the heading of a form of *exequatur* would cease to be a barrier of separation between VICTOR EMMANUEL and the Vatican.

The diminution of the number of Italian bishoprics would not, if it stood alone, be a more orthodox or invincible obstacle. The Government of Florence is not contesting the claim of HIS HOLINESS to be consulted on such a point. It is not reviving any controverted pretensions or digging up the trite and awkward precedents of ST. BASIL and the Emperor VALENS. What it professedly wants is a sanction and a permission. "Dogmas and doctrines," says a well-known foreign juriconsult, "are immutable, but the limits of 'dioceses are nothing of the kind.'" There can be no principle which forbids PIUS IX. to allow an alteration in Italy parallel to that which his predecessor, sixty years ago, allowed in France. In 1802 it was the wish of the FIRST CONSUL to change the boundaries of the French dioceses. A bishop to each department was an inconvenient arrangement which NAPOLEON would not tolerate. It became necessary to remodel and reconstitute the several sees, and the Church of Rome deliberately consented to the proposed scheme. In somewhat arbitrary language it announced that it expected the French prelates, for the sake of peace and unity, to sacrifice even their episcopal seats, if called upon to do so; and if they refused this sacrifice, new titulars were to be appointed to govern the remodelled bishoprics, without consulting the wishes of the right reverend recusants. Seldom has a more sweeping act of complaisance, or indeed of authority, been done by the Holy See. On the present occasion, the Italian Government ask for nothing half so exorbitant. They do not propose to dispossess, by a kind of spiritual *coup d'état*, some fifty bishops. What they desire is to take this opportunity, when so many sees are vacant, to reduce the number. We are not aware that their scheme trenches in any way upon a single spiritual vested interest, though the vested interest of a bishop is a term which would have puzzled the Apostles more than it seems to puzzle their Pontifical successor. With the example of PIUS VII. before his eyes, it is almost incredible that PIUS IX. can object on theory to any moderate plan for diocesan reform. The conclusion to which impartial spectators are driven is that the diminution of bishoprics, like the right of *exequatur*, is not the place where the proposed shoe pinches the POPE. It may serve as a devout excuse, but it would be a rock of offence only to a negotiator who started with a wish to be offended. If the spiritual necessities of Italy are so great that not a single bishop can be spared, there is all the more reason why the POPE should accept even niggardly conditions. Half a loaf, says the worldly proverb, is better

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than no bread; and the religious destitution which, it seems, the average of only one bishop to some twenty square miles implies, might be preferable to having no bishops at all in fifty times the area.

The reasonable conclusion is, that in the proposed recognition of the Kingdom of Italy—which an episcopal oath or declaration in the new provinces would involve—lies the veritable stumbling-block. Episcopal oaths of allegiance to the State in general may be attacked and defended by the same arguments as those which discredit or support other time-eaten political adjurations. In most cases, the factions which we swear to hate are dead and buried. Their memory is at times exhumed by agitators for the purposes of insult or annoyance, but their vitality is gone for ever. The factions, however, against which the Italian oath would be directed still live in the neighbourhood of Italy, and in the very precincts of the Vatican, rearing their horrid heads under the patronage of the POPE, and menacing, if not endangering, VICTOR EMMANUEL'S crown. It is not too much, in such a case, to ask of Rome's spiritual subordinates that they shall promise not to be Rome's political emissaries. In whatever form the promise may be couched, such a promise ought to be, under the present circumstances, a *sine quâ non* of their installation. It is, indeed, sometimes said that political oaths never yet kept a man from being a traitor or a rebel. The assertion may be reasonably disputed; but, if true, it only proves that traitors and rebels are usually perjured persons. It is by no means certain that the ministers of a Christian Church would calmly, as a body, ignore their solemn political engagements; and it is probable that those who did not feel that they ought to keep the oath would uniformly decline to take it. If, indeed, things in Italy are so settled that oaths of allegiance have become useless or effete, be it so. Henceforward it is idle to make the State's servants go on swearing. But we confess we cannot understand the position of people who think that the civil functionaries ought to be made to swear while the Bishops should be absolved. The bishops are the very class from whom most danger is to be anticipated. Their spiritual chief openly assails and denies the title and authority of the Government whose subjects they are. Whose banner do they follow in the dispute? The Government has a right to know, and to waive such a right would be to carry delicacy to an extreme from which every Government in Europe, our own included, would naturally shrink.

The truth is that the piety and sincerity of the POPE have led him to propose to Italy arrogant and insolent terms. He does so with the very best motives, and from a genuine desire to save souls. Italy, however, may be pardoned for declining to entertain a plan by which she is to receive at once a number of new bishops and a slap in the face. It is creditable to the good temper of some of the best Italian journals that, even as it is, they are ready to approve of continued negotiations. More than one Italian statesman of reputation would let the truant bishops come trooping back upon any conditions they liked. This seems to us to savour of both generosity and imprudence. *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.* A State may reasonably do away with obnoxious formularies or oaths, but it has no business to make exceptions to suit the weak consciences of acknowledged and avowed agitators. For, with respect to the Italian question, Catholic bishops are all this. The Court of Rome acknowledges them and accredits them to the faithful in this capacity. They are taught to agitate by constant Pontifical letters, by the praise bestowed on Episcopal pamphleteers; nay more, His HOLINESS insists that they are bound to agitate by their very consecration oath. To ask that they shall be admitted into Italy with such a formal mission, is to ask the King of ITALY to allow Catholicism to send the fiery cross through the length and breadth of his dominions. Italy may be strong enough to grant the uncourteous and insulting request, but, if so, she is stronger than either her friends or her enemies believe. Because the Ultramontanists rejoice at the rupture of the negotiations, it by no means follows that Italy was not wise in interrupting them. The holy venom of the extreme Catholic party cannot be satisfied unless Italy remains in a state of semi-excommunication; but, for all that, the King of ITALY might purchase a return to the bosom of PIO NONO too dearly. Well-wishers of the new Italian Kingdom might rejoice to see it reconciled, on even liberal terms, to the Church of Rome, but they do not wish to see it sacrifice real political objects for a windbag of Papal blessings.

MR. BRIGHT'S ADDRESS.

MR. BRIGHT has taken one more opportunity of denouncing the Parliament in which he has sat for the last six years. In his address to his Birmingham constituents he assumes that the career of the House which was then about to separate has been one which has given the people of Birmingham much disappointment. The Parliament elected to pass a Reform Bill has not passed one, and Mr. BRIGHT and his constituents can think of nothing else. The Administration is steeped in iniquity. There is no good man in it, not one—not even Mr. MILNER GIBSON. "The chiefs have purposely betrayed the cause," they undertook to defend, and the less eminent members of it have tamely acquiesced in that betrayal." But Mr. BRIGHT has nothing to repent of. He is free from guilt; he has denounced and resisted the traitors to the utmost of his power, and he and Birmingham can go on conscious of uninterrupted purity. It is true that Mr. BRIGHT has constantly recurred to this painful subject, and has been so filled with it that he has kept silence on almost every other matter of importance. But Birmingham has been much more patient. If it has felt any keen disappointment at the postponement of a necessary measure of Reform, it has exercised an admirable control over its feelings. To all appearance, it has witnessed all this guilt and this wicked betrayal with as tame an acquiescence as Mr. MILNER GIBSON, and Mr. VILLIERS, and nine-tenths of Englishmen of every political party have displayed. The metal trade has been very brisk, and although there have been some painful fluctuations in the price of iron, yet Birmingham has never lately shown any signs of great excitement, except when it has had to press on the HOME SECRETARY its cherished right of rescuing condemned criminals from the gallows. If speech, and addresses as one form of speech, were not chiefly invented to conceal thought, Mr. BRIGHT would perhaps have expressed his real feelings more accurately if he had said that he feared the career of this bad House had not given Birmingham much disappointment.

The truly disappointing thing is that people, both at Birmingham and elsewhere, have not been disappointed. Mr. BRIGHT, whose business of course it is to make his address as effective as possible, naturally omitted to state the answer to these fierce charges of betrayal which has been given a hundred times, and which, if newspapers are read at Birmingham, must be as familiar there as it is everywhere else. The Ministry did not give the nation a Reform Bill, for the simple reason that the nation did not wish for one. They only betrayed the country in the sense that a cabman betrays a fare whom he has undertaken to carry two miles, but whom he suffers to stop at the end of a mile on learning that his fare does not want to go on. Neither Mr. BRIGHT nor any other ardent Reformer has ever attempted to controvert the fact that the nation did not wish for a Reform Bill. All they can say is, that the Ministry ought to have forced a Reform Bill on the people, in deference to wishes which the people had once entertained but had abandoned. It may be true, as Mr. BRIGHT says, that we are nearer a new Reform Bill than we were. The exact thing that, five years ago, England wanted was more time to discuss and reflect on the matter. It wished to escape a leap in the dark in deference to an imaginary necessity of keeping good faith with itself. Since then, the matter has gradually ripened into a fit state for practical action. The difficulties and the dangers, the great compensating advantages, the wide consequences for evil and good of a Reform Bill, have been carefully weighed; and if, in the new Parliament, a measure for the extension of the suffrage is carried, we may be sure at least that this measure will be a very different one from that which was decently buried by the present Ministry, to the general satisfaction, or at any rate with the tame acquiescence, of Birmingham and the rest of the United Kingdom.

It is curious to contrast with Mr. BRIGHT's address that which Lord PALMERSTON has issued to his friends at Tiverton. As both are sure of re-election, and can say exactly what they please, Lord PALMERSTON cries the Ministry up as much as Mr. BRIGHT cries it down. The guilt of betrayal appears to sit remarkably lightly on the PREMIER's veteran conscience. He has nothing to reproach himself with. He surveys the work of his Cabinet and finds it excellent. The only thing he has to regret—and it is a thing for which he feels no one at Tiverton will hold him responsible—is the death of the PRINCE CONSORT. But then—everyone at Tiverton must allow there is something of a set-off in the arrival of the pretty PRINCESS and her two fine babies. Apart from the Royal

Family, everything has gone with unchequered prosperity under his Ministry, and more especially the nation has become surprisingly rich. Like all his colleagues, he appears to believe firmly that not only has the Ministry aided commerce by preserving peace and by good measures of finance, but that it has been the hidden source of the general accumulation and employment of capital. This rosy view of the history of the last Parliament may not be absolutely true any more than Mr. BRIGHT's black view can be said to be. But it is much nearer the truth. In some respects the Parliament may have been inactive, but it is absurd to sum up six years of the political history of England in the one fact, that no Reform Bill has been passed before they have expired. The extension of the franchise would, if it were well managed, answer other good purposes than that of securing the return of a good House of Commons; but it certainly is the chief end of all systems of representation that the representatives should work well and legislate wisely and act prudently when they meet. A good Bill is good whatever may be the system of electoral voting by which those who pass it may have been returned. If the French Treaty of Commerce has increased the wealth of France and England, the Ministry that negotiated it has rendered an unquestionable service to the country. If the Union Chargeability Bill causes the poor to be better housed and gives them a better chance in the world, the House of Commons in which the Bill was carried against violent opposition has something to show in its career that raises a very different feeling from disappointment. But Mr. BRIGHT will look at none of these things. He has an eye for nothing but a Reform Bill. The House that has failed to pass a Reform Bill, and the Ministry that has failed to make the House pass one, are so base, guilty, degraded, and abominable that it is absurd to notice their trumpery treaties and bills. It is no use finding one or two clean specks in a rotten pear. Mr. BRIGHT longs to get rid of the extinct Parliament altogether, and hopes that if the Constitutional tree is now well shaken, he will get quite a different fruit from any we have seen before.

It is this disposition to ignore every good thing that is not quite to his mind, to keep aloof from every movement that he cannot direct, and to represent every improvement as either impossible or worthless until some vague but sweeping change is made in the political life of England, which cuts off Mr. BRIGHT from the mass of his countrymen, and forms one of the chief obstacles to the passing of the very measure which he desires. A Reform Bill to make things better than they are is intelligible, and if practicable would be undoubtedly desirable. But a Reform Bill to make things quite different from what they are is unintelligible, and therefore alarming. If, for example, the late House of Commons had refused to pass the Union Chargeability Bill, it would have been a clear and sensible course for those who think that the poor are hardly dealt with under our existing legislation to agitate for a change in the distribution of political power which would have diminished the power of the squires. It is quite open to any one who wishes for changes in religious matters, and wants to see the Roman Catholic oaths abolished, or the Irish Church pulled down, or Church-rates discontinued, or tests done away with at the Universities, to try to get electoral bodies established that will be less open to the influence of the Established Church. It is equally natural that a man who honestly thinks we spend too much on our army and navy, and that we spend it because taxes are chiefly voted by those who do not feel the real pressure of taxation, should desire to see more power given to those who, as he thinks, bear the burden of the national extravagance. But if the nation is to use its political power rightly, and is to be gradually trained into a fitness to manage its affairs, it ought to be convinced, by persevering argument, that the changes to be effected by a reformed Parliament are good in themselves. There is no other way by which a nation gains enlightenment than by discussion, and by the unfolding of the mind which discussion and experience give. If discussion had shown that such changes were good, and it was practically found that an unreformed Parliament would not make them, this would be the best of all arguments for Reform. Mr. BRIGHT would perhaps say that this is exactly what has happened. These changes have been discussed and found good, and a Parliament mainly elected by small boroughs will not make them. Whether this is so or not is a matter of opinion, but at any rate Mr. BRIGHT does not aid in the discussion. He does not show that there are such and such good measures which an unreformed Parliament will not pass, but he merely says that an unreformed Parliament will not pass good measures. He gives us no reason to suppose from this that the measures which a reformed Parliament would pass

are likely to be any better. He leaves us to assume that this would be so, and asks us to feel disappointed at things remaining as they are. If he had, during the Session that has just passed, advocated seriously any one measure of Reform—if he had employed his great powers of statement and persuasion to show that it was desirable, and had instilled the conviction, if it had been rejected, that its rejection was due to the narrowness of the existing franchise—he would have done far more to ensure the passing of the kind of Reform Bill he desires than he can do by the issue of any number of vague lamentations over the apathy of Parliament and the treachery of Ministers.

AMERICA.

IT is perhaps expedient to say as little as possible of the relations between England and the United States. There is no present danger of war, and the systematic rudeness of American statesmen is most conveniently passed over in silence. The Englishmen who assisted at the recent celebration of the Fourth of July in London threw away an opportunity of rebuking, by a dignified refusal to attend, Mr. SEWARD's wanton discourtesy. During the whole course of the war, identical communications from the French and English Governments have systematically received different answers from the American SECRETARY OF STATE. The withdrawal of recognition from those who were no longer belligerents was, like the original admission of an indisputable fact, concerted between England and France; yet Mr. SEWARD shows his bad feeling and ill-breeding by replying to one Power with a compliment and to the other with an affront. In two despatches to the SECRETARY of the NAVY, he states that the French Government has withdrawn the concession of belligerent rights to the insurgents from a desire of restoring the ancient friendship between the two nations. England, on the other hand, has withdrawn the "pretended" concession of belligerent rights; but as it was provided that Confederate vessels which were actually in English ports, relying on the maintenance of the existing rules, should not be treacherously betrayed, Mr. SEWARD expressly directs that the usual courtesies are not to be rendered to English vessels. It may be hoped that Lord RUSSELL will not by any further overture give occasion for additional insults. The habit of disregarding the rules of diplomatic propriety in transactions with England prevailed at Washington long before the war, and it will continue as long as a vote is to be gained by flattering the basest and most malignant prejudices of the American people. The apologists and admirers of Western Republicanism too readily forget the dignity of their own country in their sympathy with democratic institutions, but they are right when they urge politicians to discuss American questions without reference to the just indignation which is provoked by deliberate and unceasing insolence of language. American statesmen may perhaps display ability and honesty in the conduct of their domestic affairs, although it is not always their pleasure, in communications with the English Government, to use the language of diplomatists or of gentlemen.

The PRESIDENT is vigorously engaged in the pressing business of reconstructing the Southern States, and he apparently desires to substitute civil government as soon as possible for provisional military dictatorship. Temporary Governors have been appointed in Virginia, in North Carolina, and in Mississippi, with instructions to summon Conventions of loyal or conforming citizens to remodel the State Constitutions. Almost the only conditions which are imposed on the exercise of constituent or legislative functions consist in professions of allegiance to the Union, and of acquiescence in the abolition of slavery. Although the PRESIDENT has no constitutional right to interfere in the internal affairs of the States, he is not to be blamed for assuming a general authority founded substantially on the right of conquest. The Government could not without dishonour permit slavery to subsist, nor can it be expected to allow its professed enemies to exercise political functions. The success of the present experiment must depend on the disposition of the defeated population to submit. The domination of a minority may be tolerable if it is understood to be temporary; and, by taking the necessary oaths, the genuine citizens of any State may at once resume the control of their own affairs. In Western Virginia and in Tennessee, the faction which adhered to the Federalists has endeavoured to secure its own monopoly of power by disfranchising for a number of years all the citizens who have at any time favoured the rebellion. Mr. PIERPONT, however, who has been appointed by the PRESIDENT as Governor of Virginia, recommends the removal of the disqualification, on the ground that nineteen-twentieths of the people of the State have incurred the

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penalties of exclusion. It is obviously desirable to accelerate the fusion of the hostile parties, for history shows the facility with which civil distinctions harden into permanent antagonism. In the early period of the Reformation, neither the Protestants nor the adherents of the ancient faith were conscious of the wide and definite gulf which still keeps their religious descendants apart. Fifty years ago, the Polish nobles were the most zealous supporters of Russian aggrandisement, and about the same time the people of Lombardy were not indisposed to attach themselves to the Austrian dynasty. The influence of the Central Government will be most beneficially employed in suppressing local animosities, and in effacing as far as possible the memory of recent troubles. If the conquered States continue to maintain a hostile or contumacious attitude, there will be no alternative but to govern them by force; and in such a country as America, despotic rule, in addition to other disadvantages, is virtually a postponement of any definite arrangement.

A large party in the United States, with the approval of the anti-slavery philanthropists in England, proposes to grant the electoral franchise to the emancipated negroes. Chief Justice CHASE has lately made a political tour for the purpose of promoting a measure which would secure the preponderance of the Republican party at many future elections. A more plausible reason for the measure is founded on the alleged necessity of giving the negro the means of resisting oppression, while the superior race would be induced to neutralize the evils which might be apprehended, by encouraging education and civilization among the coloured electors. If the Southern population could be induced to approve of the constitutional equality of the two races, there might perhaps be advantages in the proposed arrangement. The negro would under no circumstances be allowed to control State legislation, or even to support in Federal elections a candidate who was distasteful to the general community; but a vote would be something to possess, and perhaps to sell, and in questions of labour and property it would enable him to negotiate on comparatively equal terms. It is not surprising, however, that far-fetched considerations give way to immediate prejudices and feelings. It is nearly certain that the negro suffrage will not be even seriously considered in any part of the South. The PRESIDENT has already declared that the matter belongs to the competence of the several States, and the probable decision even of packed minorities may be inferred from the recent legislation of Mr. JOHNSON's fellow-citizens and adherents in Tennessee. Instead of considering whether the negro shall be admitted to the electoral franchise, the Convention of that State has determined that the testimony of coloured witnesses shall not be received in civil or criminal proceedings in which white citizens are concerned. It is not certain whether the provision exceeds the necessities of the case, but it is probably known that negro witnesses are not to be implicitly trusted. It would seem more equitable to leave juries to judge of their credibility than to exclude their evidence altogether, and it is at least certain that a class which is excluded from the witness-box will not be admitted to the polling-booth. When all men are really equal, they will probably be allowed to be also equally free.

The Governor of North Carolina, having recently received his instructions at Washington, probably expresses the opinion of the PRESIDENT himself in a proclamation which he has addressed to the negroes. From beginning to end of the document it is tacitly assumed that the coloured race is far from approaching the stage at which it may be admitted to political privileges. The address is sensible, moderate, and even benevolent; but it is professedly addressed to a subject race, depressed, as the Governor inaccurately states, by two hundred years of servitude. It might be more truly asserted that the descendants of African savages have been elevated, at the cost of much suffering to themselves, into the higher condition of docile and partially civilized labourers. Their former masters acted from selfish motives, and they have perhaps retarded the advance of the negroes; but the golden age of coloured freedom and greatness assuredly never existed in the past. The freedmen are now exhorted to work for their own maintenance, and they are also recommended to adopt and maintain the institution of marriage. The advice implies something worse than neglect on the part of the slave-owners; but, whatever may be the cause of a degraded condition, it implies unfitness for the functions of government. It is highly probable that the laws of vagrancy and of compulsory labour will be deficient in securities for the humane treatment of the inferior race; but unless some system of legal subordination can be devised, the whites and the blacks

will cease to inhabit the same districts. The benevolent wishes of the Government and of the people of the North are not to be doubted, but without a permanent military occupation there will be no means of preventing the possible oppression of the blacks. The subdivision of large estates, which is one of the favourite objects of Mr. JOHNSON's policy, will be highly unfavourable to the negroes; for small landowners, having no need for hired labour, will have less motive for considering the interest of the coloured race than the large planters, who might not, perhaps, object to pay wages instead of maintaining their workmen under the system of slavery. The opinions or prejudices of Americans, even in the North, as to the coloured race, will not soon be eradicated. Only three or four years have passed since Mr. LINCOLN's State of Illinois prohibited, by an Act of the Legislature which has since been repealed, the immigration of free negroes. Although the measure was harsh, much allowance must be made for a desire to protect purity of race and social equality. No phraseology will place an inferior race practically on a level with those who are more intelligent and more powerful. It is necessary, in America as well as in Europe, to believe in practical truths.

THE NATIONAL BALANCE-SHEET.

THERE has been some complaint of the plentiful lack of matter to be found in the cautious addresses of Liberal candidates; but there is one topic which may be served up with safety by any Ministerialist, to whatever point in the scale, from GLADSTONE to PALMERSTON, his political creed may for the moment have risen. PALMERSTON and Prosperity would make a good enough cry. GLADSTONE and No Income-tax might be even better, if it did not draw too much on the possible or impossible future. The materials for these, and a multitude of other variations on the same theme, have been provided for the use of candidates in the compact though uninviting form of a short return of the particulars of the Revenue and Expenditure of the last five years. Dry as tables of figures are, there is enough food for thankfulness or exultation, according to the temper of the reader, in these three or four pages, to give substance and flavour to a score of hustings speeches. A dash of audacity in attributing all past good fortune to Ministerial sagacity would no doubt be wanted to give piquancy to a dish of so astringent a character; but, if used with judgment and moderation, and seasoned with the best wit or "wut," as the case may be, at the command of the speaker, the topic might be made very palatable for hustings use.

The fact that the favourable revenue returns have been only partially due to liberal legislation does not detract from their interest; for though a closer examination may make the figures less Ministerial than they seem at first, they do illustrate in a very remarkable way the soundness of the economical views which have ruled our policy without interruption since the conversion of PEEL to the doctrines of ADAM SMITH. The five years covered by these returns have been more eventful, in a financial sense, than almost any other equal period, except, perhaps, that which immediately followed our first experience of free trade in corn. They have included the whole course of the American war, and the consequent cotton famine. They exactly measure the interval which has elapsed since the conclusion of the Commercial Treaty with France. They have witnessed the recovery of India from an almost hopeless state of insolvency to a condition of stability which even the rash surrender of a productive tax has not seriously affected. They have produced the unusual phenomenon of a substantial reduction of debt, and this concurrently with heavy expenditure on fortifications and naval and military armaments. A net surplus of 4,350,000*l.* on the whole period may seem insignificant; but, when coupled with the fact of an actual reduction of taxation to the extent of 16,000,000*l.*, it would be satisfactory enough, even if we were not able to add that the last three years alone have furnished a surplus of more than 8,000,000*l.*, and that the deficiencies which have brought down the average balance admit of explanation from the peculiar circumstances of 1861 and 1862. No one looking forward from the time at which these returns commence could have foreseen the severe trials to which the trade and general prosperity of the country were about to be exposed; and yet the most sanguine estimate would scarcely have set down 16,000,000*l.* a year as the relief to be expected from remission of taxation, and 10,000,000*l.* as the net reduction of the national debt by the application of surplus revenue and the judicious readjustment of some portions of the burden.

The expenditure of the country depends on so many unforeseen circumstances, and the receipts are liable to so much

fluctuation from natural causes, that it is not easy to guess, with much approach to accuracy, how far the flourishing condition of the Treasury is traceable to wise legislation, and to what extent it represents the normal progress of a country in which wealth and population are rapidly growing. The cotton troubles and the loss of American trade must have largely affected some branches of the revenue, but the general flood of prosperity has fairly overpowered this eddy of misfortune, and made it almost impossible to detect its influence on the general result. The only deficits are found in the years which preceded the crisis of the cotton difficulty, while each of the last three returns shows a large and constantly increasing surplus. The transition from a succession of bad harvests to more propitious seasons was coincident with the change from a deficit to a surplus; and it must be thankfully acknowledged that one large element of recent prosperity has been found in the comparative abundance of our crops. But the largest possible allowance on this score can scarcely be an equivalent for the loss of one of our best markets and the temporary destruction of our most important industry. The rapid advance which has been made may, therefore, fairly be taken as representing the natural progress of wealth under the stimulus of wise commercial legislation. Politicians are, of course, apt to attribute to their own measures more than their due share of the general well-being, large as that share undoubtedly has been. The recuperative power with which the revenue replaces itself, after each remission of taxation, is the favourite topic of every Liberal financier; but, without any purpose of casting a doubt on so well established a fact, we think we may trace in the return before us evidences of prosperity which even the worst legislation would have failed altogether to efface. It is not the custom in England, as it is in France, for a Financial Minister to take credit in his estimates to any great extent for the ordinary growth of the revenue, although on every reduction of taxation the expected recovery of a portion of the abandoned income always enters into the Budget calculations to at least its full amount. An excess of actual over anticipated income is, therefore, in general, a measure of the normal growth of the national wealth; and any disappointment in the amount ultimately realised is, in the absence of extraordinary calamities, almost entirely due to an exaggerated or, at least, a premature reliance on the reaction which follows the remission of taxes.

As against England, the sacrifice of revenue by the operation of the French Treaty was felt as early as 1860-61, though the effect of the concessions on the part of France to the principle of free trade were postponed till a later date. It is remarkable that the first year after the Treaty is the only one in which the Customs brought in less than their estimated produce. Even then the deficiency was only 100,000*l.*, and subsequent experience seems to show that, if Mr. GLADSTONE slightly overrated the rapidity with which the revenue might be expected to recover the loss of nearly 3,000,000*l.* of duties, he did not at all exaggerate its ultimate elasticity. The only serious miscalculation which remains on record occurred in the same year, when the additional tax on spirits so far failed of producing the million sterling which had been expected from it as to leave a deficiency, under the head of Excise, from this and other causes, of about the same amount as the extra duty. The simultaneous growth of the Income-tax beyond the estimates seems to show that this result was, in no great degree attributable to general depression, and to add force to the now accepted doctrine in favour of taxation on a low scale over a large area in preference to excessive imposts on particular commodities. The following year again exhibits a miscalculation in the produce of the Excise, though of much smaller amount, the loss of 1,300,000*l.* on account of the Paper-duty not having been recovered to the anticipated extent. The deficit on this occasion was, however, mainly due to unexpected expenditure; and from 1862 to the present time the revenue has steadily grown with a vigour which neither the remission of taxation nor the disturbance of American trade has been sufficient to countervail. The income of the last year is slightly in excess of that realized in 1860-1, notwithstanding a net remission of taxes in the interval, which, even at their old rate of productiveness, would have brought in more than 10,000,000*l.* The improvement, therefore, in these four years is at the rate of about 2,500,000*l.* a year, and, after allowing all that can be claimed as the consequence of liberating trade, it is scarcely possible to set down less than 1,500,000*l.* a year as the ordinary growth of the national income, leaving another million a year to be credited to Mr. GLADSTONE'S policy. The most striking examples of the elasticity

of the revenue are afforded by the surplus of 3,100,000*l.* in 1863-64, and that of 3,800,000*l.* in the year ending last April. Both of these followed heavy reductions of duty—in the one case on tea, and in the other on sugar; but in the former year the rebound was materially aided by an unusually good harvest and by the increasing fruits of the French Treaty, while in both, the relief afforded by the reduction of the Income-tax must indirectly have contributed to the general prosperity. The same policy has been pursued with even greater boldness in the current estimates, and the same inherent vigour may be relied on, in the absence of extraordinary contingencies, to add its annual contribution to the accumulations and the aggregate income of the people. A diminution of taxation to the extent of 5,400,000*l.*, divided between direct and indirect imposts, can scarcely fail to add to our prosperity if a prosperous year awaits us, or to mitigate the pressure of any adverse circumstances which may be in store for the country. It is too early yet to form any decided opinion how far the hoped-for recovery is already manifesting itself, though the returns for the last quarter seem to show a smaller loss than might have been expected from the large amount of taxation which has been remitted. A decrease since the Budget of less than 300,000*l.* upon the Customs receipts is not a very great price to pay for the repeal of import duties of 2,500,000*l.* a year. So far as can be discerned, wealth is advancing with population at a constantly accelerating rate; and we may, without presumption, hope that the same conditions will produce similar results to those which have marked the progress of the country during the existence of the late Parliament.

In the ordinary course, expenditure no less than revenue has its normal rate of growth; and it would be idle to expect in future years the same reduction of expenditure which circumstances have rendered possible since the year 1860. The ominous predictions of Mr. GLADSTONE as to the formidable development of the Civil Estimates have happily not yet been realized; and it is only fair to give to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER credit for some part of the economy which has been practised during his tenure of office. The Army Estimates, too, are considerably below the scale of 1860, and a sum of 3,000,000*l.* has been saved in the Naval expenditure, though we fear not without some corresponding loss of efficiency. Altogether, the national outlay has been reduced in the last five years by more than 6,000,000*l.* Such a feat, however creditable in itself, is seldom possible except under specially favourable circumstances, and its repetition is almost beyond hope. Still, in spite of 800,000,000*l.* of debt, and with a full appreciation of the possible increase of future expenditure, it is no exaggeration to say that England, once the most heavily-taxed country in the world, is now less burdened, in proportion to her means, than almost any other civilized community. While all the States of the Old and New World have been adding to their debts and increasing their taxes, our progress in the opposite direction has been more rapid than in any previous period of the national history. Already Mr. BRIGHT'S counsel to the operatives of Glasgow to flee from the English taxgatherer has proved an obsolete blunder; and, as long as we may be blessed with peace, there is no apparent reason to dread a reaction from the almost unbroken prosperity which has followed the recognition of the doctrines of free trade.

MR. MILL.

IF the electors of Westminster fail to appreciate Mr. MILL, it will not be for want of full information communicated on the highest authority. On his first appearance at a public meeting, a few days ago, Mr. MILL confessed that his own public services were far inferior to those of his father, but at the same time he asserted his own superior originality as compared with any living reformer. He had watched, as he said, by the cradle of almost every political discovery which had been effected during the present generation. When responsible government for the Colonies was first devised, the new faith had only two believers, Mr. ROEBUCK and himself. The WAKEFIELD system of colonization by a restricted sale of lands was more fortunate in having three adherents, consisting of the inventor, of Mr. MILL, and of some anonymous philosopher. When a doctrine becomes popular, Mr. MILL turns his affections, like a monthly nurse, to some new infant of his brain, leaving his former charges to thrive under the care of ordinary attendants. His crotchets, he says, have passed into the condition of truths, and the new crotchets which he now occasionally promulgates will, at some future time, be adopted by enlightened mankind. Since

the exordium was delivered, own upon the Buzite, and he will be competent to perpetuate the Mother's seems likely to perpetuate and perhaps WAKEFIELD's purpose of been already arguments of the pub- ments or L a system s the crotchet perhaps be and died b to suppose one male e three cent equal, but collectively men.

The cre attributed said, for his selves had the compli found need only a wee with the ot profiting b was first e before the didature of Committee of Utopia MILL may election e illegitimate it is one eternal tr process by rude, imp legitimate for any e insinuating in public man unco and he is tions of lo as a favor rigorous s the real on no extrem pleasant st his employ "I knew t "thanking notes a re recipient o degree of indeed, in although M spicuous t doubt whe deserts. A a vigorous of virtue e nine-tenth until he v excusable indispensa There puritanic people of had been the result

the exordium of the fifth interlocutor in the Book of Job was delivered, few sages have so candidly proclaimed their own unparalleled wisdom. Like ELIHU, the son of BARACHEL the Buzite, Mr. MILL tells his audience to hold their peace, and he will teach them wisdom. There is no doubt that he is competent to fulfil his promise, but for election purposes it would perhaps be desirable to be less didactic. The communication to the colonies of the Constitution which has historically grown up in England is an experiment still on its trial. It has succeeded so far as it was intended to relieve the Mother-country from a troublesome responsibility, but it seems likely rather to smooth the way to independence than to perpetuate the Colonial Empire, which Mr. ROEBUCK, and perhaps Mr. MILL, earnestly desires to preserve. The WAKEFIELD contrivance of selling land at a high price for the purpose of both attracting and concentrating population, has been already abandoned and forgotten. There were some arguments in favour of the plan, but as soon as the ownership of the public lands was transferred to the Colonial Governments or Legislatures, it was found impossible to persevere in a system so artificial and so inherently unpopular. One of the crotchets on which Mr. MILL congratulates himself may perhaps be accepted as a truth; but the other has languished and died before it attained its maturity. There is no reason to suppose that the emancipation of women, which has now one male advocate in England, will be realized for two or three centuries. All men may possibly be born free and equal, but women are apparently born to be dependent, and collectively inferior, in mental as well as bodily force, to men.

The credit of a pure and inexpensive contest was fairly attributed by Mr. MILL to his supporters. It was easy, he said, for him to profess convictions which the electors themselves had to practise. The Committee must have received the compliment with a painful consciousness that it has been found necessary to subscribe a considerable sum, and that only a week ago it was thought expedient to propose a coalition with the other Liberal candidate, for the obvious purpose of profiting by Captain GROSVENOR's lavish outlay. As Mr. MILL was first started in opposition to Captain GROSVENOR alone, before the retirement of Sir JOHN SHELLEY and the candidature of Mr. W. H. SMITH, the offer of Mr. MILL's Committee was a practical confession that the virtuous purity of Utopia is not yet applicable to Westminster. Mr. MILL may probably be justified in holding that legitimate election expenses should fall on public funds, and that illegitimate payments should not be made at all; but it is one of his crotchets, not yet transfigured into an eternal truth, that canvassing is essentially wrong. The process by which candidates are made known to electors is rude, imperfect, and unsatisfactory, but there is no more legitimate desire than that of seeing and hearing the applicant for any office of trust. A brawling demagogue or an insinuating impostor may perhaps enjoy an undue advantage in public intercourse over worthier competitors; but every man unconsciously considers himself a judge of character, and he is greatly assisted in forming an opinion by observations of look, of voice, and of manner. If a candidate asks, as a favour, the vote which ought to be regulated by a rigorous sense of duty, the complacency of the elector, and the real or assumed gratitude of the future member, deserve no extreme severity of censure. In one of Mr. T. HUGHES's pleasant stories, a clerk records the thanks which he returned to his employer for his quarter's salary. "Of course," he adds, "I knew that I had earned it; but somehow I can never help 'thanking anybody who pays me money.'" When one man promotes a result in which another man is deeply interested, the recipient of the service is not called upon to haggle about the degree of obligation which he has incurred. Experience, indeed, inclines men to be grateful for strict justice; and although Mr. MILL's claims on his country may be too conspicuous to be neglected, inferior candidates may sometimes doubt whether they have not received even more than their deserts. As the Committee had been for some weeks prosecuting a vigorous canvass, there was perhaps too austere an exhibition of virtue in the implied reproof of their heterodox zeal. As nine-tenths of the electors had never heard Mr. MILL's name until he was announced as a candidate, it was perhaps an excusable error to circulate the information which was indispensable to his success.

There would be much reason for regret if Mr. MILL's puritanic fancies alienated popular feeling, and convinced the people of Westminster that their former devotion to mediocrity had been dictated by a sound and patriotic instinct. Although the result of the election is extremely doubtful, it is known

that a considerable portion of the constituency is anxious to relieve the city and the metropolitan boroughs in general from the reproach, which has been justly incurred, of indifference to merit and ability. The supporters of Mr. MILL, and especially those of the humbler classes, prove that they are not to be despised as fractions of a mob. On authority which they justly consider sufficient, the electors have satisfied themselves that their candidate is an able, thoughtful, and conscientious inquirer into all political and social questions. They have full notice that Mr. MILL holds some unpopular opinions, and that he indulges in certain eccentric speculations; but they are also aware that a candidate who was content to flatter and echo their own prejudices would probably be a powerless representative even of the doctrines which he undertook to support. The bigoted clamour of ignorant and passionate sectarians against Mr. MILL's wisest philosophical doctrines will probably alarm and discourage some of his weaker adherents; but if the bulk of the constituency despises the silly and dishonest warnings of sermonizing journalists, they will have proved that ten-pound householders are more intelligent and less cowardly than certain sections of the upper middle class. A hypothetical rebellion against an omnipotent principle of evil can only have a figurative value, for even the heretics who would gladly divorce power from goodness are, by a necessary law, incapable of believing their own impossible creed. Mr. MILL has, however, had the merit of protesting in vigorous and impressive language against the vulgar fetish-worship which is preached from illiterate pulpits. A small shopkeeper who recognises by his vote the importance of truth is performing a useful and honourable duty. Few things are more respectable than the deference of consciously deficient knowledge to supposed learning and wisdom.

Mr. MILL would be a valuable member of the House of Commons, although a Parliament composed of members such as Mr. MILL might possibly be found but imperfectly practical. The Platonic State which was to be exclusively governed by philosophers would enjoy the best of constitutions if the rulers were exempt from error; or, in other words, if their knowledge was complete, as it is assumed to be pre-eminent. Correct deductions from demonstratively certain principles would anticipate and supersede experience, but in the actual conduct of affairs the rule of thumb forms a necessary supplement and corrective of elaborate calculations. The aptitude for political life of which Englishmen are proud consists in a great measure of the unflinching habit of testing every stage in a political argument by comparison with facts. If a result is found to be absurd, the reasons by which it may be defended cease to excite interest or attention. Statesmen even follow high and ancient authority in sometimes condescending to the hardness of the people's hearts. There is no use in moving too far in advance of public opinion, for popular apprehension and sympathy form a part of the motive power which is necessary for legislation and government. It is not, however, necessary to be vigilant in securing the election of a sufficient number of sensible and commonplace members; for every House of Commons contains a large proportion of believers in popular theories, while originality and genius are rare. On some classes of questions Mr. MILL would be esteemed an oracle, and his reputation would ensure attention to doctrines which might otherwise be regarded as utterly paradoxical. It must also be remembered that, if Mr. MILL is a daring theorist, he has spent the greater part of his life as an active and successful public functionary. He was one of the ablest servants of the East India Company, and, when the transfer of the Government was projected, he became the eloquent champion of the system under which the Indian Empire had been constructed. Although Mr. MILL may take the opportunity of his candidature to propound unnecessary views as to the theory of election, he would probably occupy himself in the House of Commons with legislative and administrative questions, and he has shown that he is capable of distinguishing between practical controversies and vague political speculations. Although he disapproves in the abstract of the union between Church and State, he admits that under present circumstances it would be useless to attempt to dissolve the connection. On that point, however, as on all others, he declines to pledge himself, while he proclaims his opinions on all subjects with exemplary plainness. The little peculiarities of so eminent a candidate only deserve notice because they may possibly affect his prospects of success.

THE SESSION.

AT the beginning of the Session which has now closed, the Government promised the country, through the hazy medium of the Queen's Speech, that before Parliament broke up the erection of a Palace of Justice should be secured, and that the revision of the Statute Law should be completed, and so far it has fulfilled its promise. It also gave hopes that a new arrangement of the Patent Laws would be undertaken, and a Bill passed to put the Public Schools on a better footing. Neither hope has been realized. No change has been proposed in the Patent Laws, because three of the principal members of the House who have examined the subject attentively, and collected all the evidence accessible to a very painstaking Committee, have announced, as the final conclusion of their investigation, that the only change the Patent Laws require is to be done away with altogether. A Bill was brought in by Lord Clarendon to give effect, as it was said, to the Report of the Public Schools Commission, but it was immediately withdrawn because all persons interested in the public schools were unanimous in the opinion that it was founded on a principle that was entirely wrong, inasmuch as it virtually transferred the responsibility for the management of great schools from the Head-Master to a Board. Lastly, the Government promised a new Poor Act, and the promise has been redeemed by the passing of the Union Chargeability Bill, far the most important measure of the Session, and scarcely second in importance to any that have been passed by the Parliament that has just closed its long and peaceful existence. Out of Parliament, opinion was so strong in favour of the Bill that it seemed scarcely possible it should miscarry, but the Parliamentary opposition to it was very bitter and very determined, and the squire did not acquiesce in a measure which at once touched their pockets and galled their pride. Nothing could have brought into bolder relief the conception of the true status of the English poor which tradition and custom have imprinted on the minds of the country gentry. It is the perfection of optimism—the highest point, perhaps, to which a rosy view of the lives of other people can be carried. Squire after squire assured the House that the poor were comfortably housed, that poor men were not forced to walk long unnecessary miles to their work, that if they were it did them good, and if it did not do them good they did not deserve it should do them good. But the House of Commons in these days is so composed that, when the struggle between the squires and the poor is fairly put before it, the leaning of the majority is not to the squires. We wish we could be sure that its constitution would make it equally liberal if it had to judge of a struggle between capitalists and workmen. Even here, however, it is not so much want of honesty and good will as want of knowledge that might retard its action. Questions between employers and employed in manufacturing districts raise wide questions of political economy, but the infliction of a compulsory walk of eight or ten miles a day on a poor man whose strength is his only source of support is one of those glaring monstrosities which carry conviction home with them at once. Finding the sense of the House strongly against them, the squires, under Mr. Henley's guidance, attempted to outwit Mr. Villiers by proposing the total abolition of the Law of Settlement. This would have annoyed the large towns, possibly, by flooding them with tramps, and therefore commended itself as a weapon of annoyance to the representatives of the country; but the Government successfully resisted the proposal, consenting, however, to abridge to one year the time necessary to gain a new settlement.

In the Ministerial speeches on the Address it was assumed, as a matter of notoriety, that the condition of Ireland was better than it had been, and that a time more or less good was coming to that unhappy country. This naturally vexed the Irish members, who resent nothing so much as that any of their grievances should be removed. Accordingly, Mr. Hennessy brought forward a distinct motion deploring the decline of population, and committing the House to the vague opinion that something ought to be done for Ireland. No one had any definite measure to suggest, and Sir Robert Peel stuck to the opinion that things in Ireland are looking better than they did. The debate would have been comparatively tame had it not been for a furious declamation from Mr. Roebuck, who slashed at Irishmen of all parties and all shades of opinion, and who took the opportunity to inform Sir Hugh Cairns that he represented the dirty boys of Belfast. At a later period of the Session Mr. Maguire renewed the old inextinguishable complaint of the wrongs to which the Irish tenant is subjected, and his attack was so far successful that he stirred up Lord Palmerston to utter a solemn warning to the House against tampering with the rights of property. On another occasion Ireland also supplied the material for one of the most interesting debates of the Session. Not that any discussion of the position of the Irish Church is likely to have any immediate effect, but the debate on Mr. Dillwyn's motion gave Mr. Gladstone an opportunity of showing how much he can damage, if he pleases, a cause that he nominally supports, and how very slight is his real anxiety to oppose the wishes of the ardent reformers who confide in him, if they do not ask him to do anything more alarming than to consent to abolish the Irish Church. The general result of the discussion was, however, to make it clear that very few, even of the enemies of the Irish Church, have any clear notion whether they wish it to be abolished or not. The Roman Catholics apparently do not wish to appropriate its endowments, nor do they wish to receive endowments from any other source under the control of the State,

but they object to the mere fact that a rival creed has an established position and money to support it. This may or may not be a legitimate feeling, but it is wonderfully different from the old language held about the Irish Church, which was based on the supposition that the money properly due to the ministers of the national creed was wickedly and violently appropriated by an heretical Government to support its minions.

The Protestantism of Parliament was sure to be strong enough to reject any motion like that of Mr. Dillwyn, but the House of Commons is far too sensible and too tolerant to support its more outrageous members in their crusades against Papists. Mr. Newdegate in vain tried to persuade the House that Government ought to inspect Roman Catholic nunneries and monasteries. It is true that nuns and monks may sometimes suffer, and may sometimes find it difficult to use their unquestionable legal right, and walk out of the institution which they have learnt to dislike. But this is one of those remote possibilities against which a Government cannot guard. The stories adduced to show that nuns and monks are subject to illegal cruelty and restraint break down when tested. Mr. Newdegate was signally and publicly put to shame by the examination of what he called his facts; and a Roman Catholic bishop had the satisfaction and amusement of showing that nothing but wine was ever locked up in the concealed dungeons in which Mr. Newdegate's fancy pictured unhappy nuns to be immured. Mr. Whalley followed in the same path, but directed his efforts more exclusively to the goings on of that section of the ministers of the English Church which affects Romish usages and practices. His honest endeavours to frighten and astonish his audience were cut short by impertinent exhortations to him to sing; and, although it is to be regretted that the House should in this have only been displaying a general disposition to disorderliness which has disgraced it lately, and made it a scene of anarchy whenever Lord Palmerston has happened to be absent, yet so very strong a form of ridicule was perhaps the best way of showing how ridiculous this fiery Protestantism seems to all but those whom it leads away. The House of Lords is too decorous an assembly to ask the Marquis of Westmeath to sing, but it received with a polite contempt that was equally effectual his elaborate exposure of all the follies that a few enthusiasts are guilty of in half a dozen London churches. The general public has as little wish as Lord Westmeath can have to see English churches made the theatres of these wayward and fantastic exhibitions; but it also thinks that, as there is a certain number of persons who like them, they may as well have their tastes gratified. The good-humoured amusement and contempt with which clerical eccentricities of this sort are now regarded prove how much we have altered from the time, although removed from us by at most twenty years, when it was almost universally believed that the Church of England and true religion were at an end unless the law could do something strong to put down parsons with odd notions about candles and altars.

One measure concerning Roman Catholics that had everything to recommend it unfortunately failed. All the argument was in favour of abolishing the special oaths which fetter the entrance of Roman Catholics into Parliament. That the abolition would infringe the terms on which the Emancipation of 1829 was arranged is perfectly true; but the simple answer that the settlement of 1829 is now obsolete, and that we no longer fear the Roman Catholics, so far satisfied the Commons as to ensure the passing of Mr. Monsell's Bill by considerable majorities. But no arguments under the sun could have satisfied the Lords, for Lord Derby has proxies enough in his pocket to reject any Bill he likes, and he decided that, on the whole, it would do the Conservatives most good at the elections to have the Oaths Bill rejected. The House of Commons also showed an unexpected degree of firmness in the support it gave to Mr. Goschen's Bill for the abolition of tests at Oxford. It was impossible, of course, that the measure should become law, for a private member could not have got it through the Commons in a short and hurried Session, and it would have died at once in the Lords. But as the majority in the Commons followed on the strong and explicit assertion of the mover that he based his measure on the proposition that the Universities are lay institutions, by which Englishmen of all creeds have a right to benefit, it must be taken for granted that the representatives of a very large number of constituencies do not think their supporters would object to the advocacy of a theory which, if carried into effect, would certainly make a sensible difference in the position of the English Church. After this, it was not to be expected that any opposition would be offered to the passing of that mildest of all possible measures, the Bill for the alteration of Clerical Subscription. That it should pass was a matter of course, for all the Bishops were in favour of it, and no Churchman or Churchwoman, so far as we know, was against it; but it would not be without curiosity that we should come upon a real living specimen of the sort of man who will be happy as a parson now the Bill is passed, but who would have been unhappy if it had not been passed.

Other occasions have likewise been marked by excellent speaking without practical effect. Indeed, the occasions on which speaking has this Session been followed by any practical effect have been very few. The Partnership Bill has been passed, and although the clause postponing the claims of persons taking advantage of it to those of other creditors is perfectly inconsistent with the main principle of the measure,

yet the Bill, although we judicial decision determined. been got th Referees have worked very has centred of the new occasion to from the van and a brilliant and very brill the kind of many men si now that a speech gave did nothing, treated. Th the suffrage something good gover satisfied with the suffrage nothing. V artisan later intelligent a distinguish culty that p ability and of the worl his humbler men, but th much bette this, in defe tion of thei was still h Unless Mr member h members h

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yet the Bill is likely to do some good even as it stands, although we may guess that many elaborate and expensive judicial decisions will be required before its real scope is determined. A great amount of private business has also been got through, and even those who doubt whether the Referees have worked to good purpose own that they have worked very hard. But all the excitement of this Session has centred round bills that did not pass, with the exception of the new Poor Act. The debate on Mr. Baines's Bill gave occasion to Mr. Lowe to denounce all extension of the suffrage from the vantage-ground of sitting for Calne. It was an effective and a brilliant speech, and at the moment it seemed very effective and very brilliant because it put into clear and striking language the kind of thoughts that have been running in the minds of many men since the last attempt at a Reform Bill failed. But now that a little time has passed away, it is evident that this speech gave Mr. Lowe a higher personal position in the House, but did nothing, or very little, towards settling the question of which it treated. The country does not know what sort of extension of the suffrage it wants, but it has clearly come to the opinion that something more is required than a machinery by which a good government is secured. As little is it likely to be satisfied with Mr. Disraeli's dictum that the extension of the suffrage ought to be lateral. Words like this mean nothing. Who is to decide what is lateral? Is an intelligent artisan lateral to a greengrocer or not? If he is, then is an unintelligent artisan also lateral? If not, then the difficulty is to distinguish between the two sorts of artisans, and this is the difficulty that puzzled people already. Mr. Horsman also spoke with ability and force on Mr. Baines's Bill, and showed in his estimate of the working-man a considerable and laudable independence of his humbler supporters at Stroud. It is true they are not working-men, but they must feel an unpleasant suspicion that they are not much better. We will hope, however, that they will pardon this, in deference to the unimpaired, or perhaps increasing, distinction of their representative. Mr. Horsman made a speech that was still better when he spoke in support of Mr. Monsell's Bill. Unless Mr. Goschen is to be called a new member, no new member has done much this Session, but many of the older members have shown new force and unexpected powers.

Mr. Gladstone, perhaps, has scarcely shown his full strength this Session. He was defeated, to his evident chagrin, on the motion relating to the duty on Fire Insurance; and when the discussion of the Malt-tax came on, in anticipation of the Budget, he was not to be coaxed or provoked out of his silence by Sir Fitzroy Kelly or Sir Edward Lytton. But by the time that his Budget was ready he had thoroughly got up the great question of beer, and satisfied the public that the amount of beer consumed in England is really quite as much as any lover of England and beer could desire. Otherwise, his speech on the Budget was not very interesting, and the large surplus of four millions was quickly eaten away by the two great reductions on tea and the Income-tax. Generally, the Budget and foreign affairs supply the two most exciting themes of Parliamentary discussion. But this year both have failed to stir the Houses. It was in vain Mr. Hennessey tried to revive the ancient wrongs of Poland. Lord Palmerston remarked that the less said about Poland the better, looking at all that our past talking about Poland had come to; and the House so thoroughly agreed with him that nothing more was said. The murder of President Lincoln called forth a sincere and unanimous expression of regret and condolence from both Houses, and the close of the American war gave the Government one more opportunity of laying down the indisputable truth that the recognition of the Confederates as belligerents was only the necessary corollary of the declaration of the Federals that the Confederate ports were to be blockaded. Apparently, our relations with the United States continue to be of a pacific character; and at present no one seems to be in a hurry to act upon the vote for aiding the fortifications of Canada, which raised so much discussion in the early part of the Session. The House silenced by a large majority those who objected to defending Canada at all; and, on the other hand, it countenanced the Ministerial proposition to devote only so small a sum as 50,000*l.* to Canadian defences. Since then, the refusal of New Brunswick to join the proposed Confederation has thrown into abeyance all attempts to organize a systematic scheme of defence for all our North American provinces; but those who most wish the Federation to be formed still declare that they are going to succeed, and certainly it ought to do something for them that the Government has consented to aid them by an Imperial guarantee in procuring the sums necessary to start their military plans.

No Reform Bill, no question about colonies or nunneries, or any public measure, has caused a tenth part of the sensation or awakened a tenth part of the interest occasioned by the inquiries into the administration of Lord Westbury's patronage. It was a great scandal, and the Conservatives were fully entitled to make the most of it. Last year they worried Mr. Stansfeld and Mr. Lowe out of office, with some degree of shame to themselves and no profit to the country; except that, by relieving Mr. Lowe from the trammels of office, they secured to the House one more independent debater of the first rank. But Lord Westbury was fair game. What he is known to have done is so bad, and what it is not known he has not done is so much worse, that political enemies were justified in denouncing it, and even political friends felt themselves unable to defend it. The Conservatives would, as

a party, have had an unmixed triumph had it not been for the astounding imprudence of Lord Chelmsford, who, full of virtue and glee at the discomfiture of a rival so much his intellectual superior, made a flaming oration to the Peers, explaining how pure and patriotic he himself had always been about pensions, and who was confronted with a letter in the hands of Lord Granville, which Lord Chelmsford had written, strongly recommending that a pension should be granted by his successor to a person whose unfitness he himself when in office had repeatedly proclaimed.

Death has taken from Parliamentary life during the past Session one or two minor men, among whom Sir Joseph Paxton was the most conspicuous, not for anything he did in Parliament or for any very eminent personal qualities, but because he suggested the excellent idea of making greenhouses big enough to be Crystal Palaces. The nation has also had to deplore the loss of Mr. Cobden, a man to whom we hope posterity will own his contemporaries have done justice. Sagacious, honest, eloquent, narrow enough to have strong views and concentrated aims but not narrow enough to be violent or factious, able to strike out new paths and to lead men into them, imbued with a keen sense of the poetical as well as the practical side of commerce and industry, he gradually made his way, in spite of many disadvantages, into one of the foremost places in English public life. In the very limited sense in which historical gratitude can be said to exist, the poor man will for generations bless the name of Richard Cobden for his cheap loaf; and those who would have got bread anyhow cannot fail to recognise that, by conducting to a successful issue his memorable fight, he rendered a great service to English society, and that afterwards he led a life of great public usefulness, marked by high aims, and stamped with a noble character.

QUARRELS.

THE man who has gone through the world without having once quarrelled with a friend, if indeed such a man anywhere exists, might at the first glance appear a fit person both to admire and to envy. Quarrelling with one's friends is a process at once so painful and so profitless that anybody who has contrived to escape it may be considered to have escaped one of the most troublesome drawbacks of life. But it is worth remembering that a man who has never had a quarrel has probably never had a friend. The only person who manages to get on without estrangements, lasting or temporary, is one who can be quite content without attachments. There are some people, it is true, of whom it may be said, in the well-known phrase, that they have a genius for friendship; but even this is no guarantee for a peaceful life. In one sense, there is truth in the saying that it takes two to make a quarrel; but then, if Orestes resolves to estrange himself from Pylades, why Pylades has no means of preventing an alienation in which he actually has no part. Even the warmest and most considerate of men, those who possess most of the genius for friendship, are thus in a manner at the mercy of those with whom they are thrown, by circumstances or an unwise choice, into close intercourse. The fatal law, that the side on which we are most susceptible of pleasure is also that on which we may have inflicted on us the deepest pain, applies as well to friendship as to all our other emotions. The amount of delight a man can take in the affection and geniality of a friend is always the exact measure of the grief he has to endure when the affection gradually burns lower and lower, and finally flickers out among the gray ashes. Whether, however, quarrels are an inevitable source of distress to everybody who is capable of friendship, or whether one could steer altogether clear of them by tact and temper and forbearance, the fact that, as things are, quarrels and estrangements do fill up a certain and not inconsiderable space in life is unfortunately beyond dispute. The curious and mortifying thing about such quarrels is that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they seem to rise out of mistakes, and to be, what they are sometimes euphemistically called, simple misunderstandings, which only require explanation to dissolve them into space. Of course people quarrel about money, and bargains, and agreements of all kinds. The refusal of a loan of money, or an obstinate and uncompromising adherence to his own interpretation of an ambiguous agreement, may be quite enough to separate a man of a certain temperament from an old friend to whom he is on the whole disinterestedly attached. Another, who would never think of quarrelling with a friend because he was stingy and ungenerous, or because he had a weakness for invariably thinking himself in the right about matters of fact and so on, may be full of speculative intolerance, and perhaps would not scruple to cut off his best friend for avowing a doctrine or a principle of which he did not approve. Then men quarrel about women, just as women quarrel about men. The strongest friendship can scarcely outlive the conviction that you and your friend are both desperately in love with the same person. In novels, indeed, the rejected suitor sometimes preserves his attachment to the bosom friend who has ingeniously cut him out, but in real life he ceases to be closely intimate with the successful rival. Women in this respect are perhaps less sensitive than men, or is it that they are better dissemblers? But the disturbances that arise from all these sources are by no means the most vexatious. Their origin is intelligible, and more or less removable. If Damon is sulky because Pythias will not lend him a sum at a pinch, or will not pay him back what he borrowed, the shock can only be fatal where the friendship was already trembling

and uncertain for other reasons. "Loan oft loseth both itself and friend," but only where the latter was rather an acquaintance than anything nearer. Two men, again, who quarrel because they think differently about the origin of evil, or because one is partial to *Essays and Reviews* and the other to *Aids to Faith*, or because one holds that the differences of species are due to natural selection while the other insists on attributing them to distinct acts of creation, probably have done the wisest thing they could. People of this temper ought to be left to themselves, each undisturbed in his own little fool's paradise. Wiser men may admit that a friend may be worth knowing, and liking, and keeping, in spite of what may appear the most frightfully wrongheaded views on half the controversies of the day. Whether the very highest form of friendship is perfect without the closest intellectual sympathy—and this does not at all necessarily involve complete identity of opinion—may be disputed. But most men are not capable of the very highest kind, and in ordinary life two people can like one another very much, and derive the greatest pleasure from frequent intercourse, and be quite ready to make sacrifices for one another, without there being anything to hinder them from thinking altogether differently about politics, and philosophy, and religion. And in the case where men quarrel for a mistress, or women for a lover, the wound in ordinary natures does not go so very deep, unless indeed there has been some downright treachery and foul play. Men and women now-a-days do not often nurse the flame of a passion that has become hopeless. They are like the tender-hearted being in one of Chamfort's anecdotes, whom her lover had forsaken. "I expected to find you plunged in misery and desolation," said a friend who came in and found her playing the harp. "Ah, mon Dieu," she exclaimed in pathetic tones, "c'était hier qu'il fallait me voir."

But the most mortifying quarrels that a third person has to look upon are those which, as we have said, are sheer half-deliberate misunderstandings. Of all the many ingenious devices to which men and women have resorted for the purpose of inflicting torment upon themselves, this is the most unailing—to encourage an estrangement with somebody for whom at bottom they have a sincere affection or liking. Gratuitous perversity of this kind would seem incredible but for the frequency with which, even in private life, instances of it are to be discovered. We are not talking about the *ira amantium*. Young ladies and their lovers quarrel, just as children quarrel. Occasional wrangling is an inseparable accident of their position, and for various plain reasons. They have often a good deal of spare time, after they have gone through the repetition of the lover's catechism, and they do not know how to fill it up. Then, as is well known, the *redintegratio amoris*, the making up again, is in itself so sweet as to be worth a quarrel, if there were nothing else to be got by it. But why do grown-up people encourage even temporary estrangements? They at least ought to have something better to do with their time. With them the reconciliation is much more difficult to bring about, and much less complete when it is brought about. The silver link may be reunited, but the chain is irreparably weakened, except in the rare cases where natural sympathy between the two is so strong and irresistible as to overwhelm with a rush every lurking consciousness of a grievance. Even men who know the folly of encouraging or even allowing a root of bitterness to grow up between themselves and people whom they really like, just as it were out of sheer caprice, give way unresistingly to such perverse possessions. The grievance begins, they scarcely know how, or they scarcely take the trouble to learn. Damon thinks that Pythias neglects him, or means to snub him; or else he thinks that Pythias does not treat somebody else as he ought, and they split upon the perilous rock of friends' friends; or perhaps their wives, if they have wives, do not love one another as they should do. The most trifling thing is enough to breed a kind of vague uncomfortable feeling, which, waxing daily more and more grievous, and fostered on all manner of real or imaginary disgusts, at length ends in thorough alienation. An intolerable raw has been satisfactorily established, which produces smart and twinges and wincings for months and years after. And a friendship that has perished in this way scarcely ever comes to life again. A friend lost by excessive heat may easily be restored, but if you have lost him by an excessive coolness of slow and seemingly inexplicable growth, the chances are strong against a renewal of the old liking. This reflection alone might make men more careful than they are about opening the tiniest hole to a feeling of aggrievedness. It is the letting out of waters which may probably never be gathered in again. Considering how much a solid and sincere friendship is worth to a man—and the advantages and delights of friendship have been the commonplace of moralists from Cicero down to Tupper—there is something wonderful in the recklessness with which men surrender themselves to that morbid unmanly state of mind which is so destructive of frank and enjoyable intimacies.

Sentimental quarrels of this sort—that is, estrangements which inscrutably grow up first in the mind, pretexts for them being easily discovered outside—are the certain symptom of a flaw somewhere. They may show that a man was so weak as to allow himself to become the friend of one whose moral measure he had never been at the pains to take, in the same way as foolish men marry women whom they know little or nothing about. Or else he may have suffered his mind to be prejudiced by the representations, and his conduct biased by the undeclared but perceptible little antipathies, of those of his own household. Or he may have

one of those restless and capricious tempers which never permit the person of whom they have gained possession to know what tranquil confidence and an equable course of life mean. Or he may be the victim of jealousy, and may constantly suspect that his friend abuses him behind his back, and likes somebody else much better. And, whatever may be the immediate cause in a man who is constantly letting coolnesses spring up between himself and his friends, we may be sure that in the long run such a disposition is due to an utter lack of magnanimity. Quarrels and separations no man can wholly escape from, but those gratuitous and perverse quarrels which gradually spring out of space to torment sensible people are impossible to two men who take a wide view of things. A magnanimous man will not be above remonstrating in the proper spirit with a cooling friend. He will point out the danger that is ahead, and seek by frank and kindly warning to avert it. But this must be done before the victim of his own littleness has got too deeply soured. Even then, there are some intractable beings on whose petulance and inveterate wrongheadedness no amount of goodwill makes the least impression. But then such people are not worth having for friends. The sooner one cuts asunder these uncongenial spirits the better. If a friendship is really worth preserving, it is astonishing how soon even the most restive are soothed by the frankness of a large-minded man. Gray, who was not inexperienced in such things, said he was quite sure that, "if ever two people who love one another come to breaking, it is for want of a timely *éclaircissement*—a full and precise one—without witnesses or mediators, and without one disagreeable circumstance for the mind to brood upon in silence." It does not follow that the clearing up should take place too soon. These misunderstandings are like unwholesome tumours, which are best removed after they have had time to come to a head. If the operation is cleverly and thoroughly performed, perhaps the friendship may be stronger than ever. But in any case such affairs are a waste of the sweets of life, scanty enough at the best. A wise man takes care not to be too exacting towards his friends, nor to expect more from friendship than either that or anything else can give. Unluckily, too many men are like girls of seventeen, who permit no medium between downright enmity and a gushing unreserve which is only possible so long as one has nothing that can by any means be kept back.

M. DUPIN ON THE SOCIAL EVIL.

THE Paris Correspondent of the *Times* has lately given us a sort of sketch of a speech, delivered in the French Senate, on what is called the Social Evil in Paris. It seems that a petition was presented on the subject, and that a Report was ordered, on the presentation of which M. Dupin spoke the speech of which we have an abstract, and which is, it appears, about to be published in full. We are not told who the petitioner was, or what exactly he prayed for, except that it was for a more direct interference on the part of the police with prostitution. Nor do we learn what the Committee reported or recommended, if they recommended anything; nor, indeed, does the abstract before us show very clearly to what practical point M. Dupin addressed himself, except that he seems to have objected to the petition. The whole thing, as we have it in the *Times* of Monday, is a specimen of the unintelligent way in which matters of interest are dealt with by the *Times* Correspondent; and though, from motives of prudery or prudence, the debate was conducted with closed doors, yet, as access of some sort or other was gained to M. Dupin's observations, we might perhaps have been told a little more on the subject. If, as is said, the present French régime displays in all ranks of society a lowering of public morals, it would be very interesting to know how the Conscript Fathers treat one of the accredited signs of a falling Empire. As far as we can guess out the matter, the petition seems to have called attention to the excesses of public prostitution, and to have demanded either that new police regulations should be made, or that the existing ones should be more stringently carried out. To this M. Dupin replied that there was a point beyond which police interference would rather increase than repress the evil, and that the real matter to be dealt with was one which, being solely of a moral character, was beyond legislation—namely, the luxury and the low tone of social morals prevalent in the higher classes. At least, if M. Dupin did not say this, being a sensible man, he might very well have said it; and if this were to be said in our Parliament, where it is not said, some good might come of it.

Unless talkers and writers on this slippery subject bear carefully in mind this limit between the wholesome and the injurious effects of police interference, they only do more harm than good by discussing it. Vague talk about social evils is generally injurious, and serious thinkers are always repelled by philanthropic platitudes and heavy commonplaces in morality. Every special form under which the evil exhibits itself must be canvassed on its own grounds; but to recommend generally the prohibition of prostitution, or, on the other hand, to argue that all its details are to be regulated by law, is equally futile. Here, in England, the changes constantly taking place in society will always require vigilant attention to each exigency as it arises; and the complaint against our Home Office is not that it declines to propose new laws, but that it fails to see that cases are perpetually arising which fall under the spirit, even if they cannot be brought under the letter, of those existing safeguards which have already been found

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necessary to prevent glaring outrages on public decency. For example, here are two or three new forms of evil. There are the Priapean Museums, together with the offensive placards and advertisements which infest certain public places. There is the public display of *gaillard* photographs. And there are the quack doctors. The last few years have given rise to these three monstrous births of time. It would be futile to enlarge on the evil of these things, and worse than futile to point out the lengths to which they are carried; nor is it necessary to argue that they fall within the general spirit of the existing law, which professes, and rightly professes, only to restrain the greater outrages on public decency. The only question is, would dealing with them involve worse evils than those actually existing? We cannot see how this can be even pretended. It is quite true that an attempt to suppress brothels has, as a matter of experience, produced other and worse excesses. But what would come of it were those dens of obscenity in the Strand and Tichborne Street closed by order of Sir George Grey? Of course, the liberty of the subject would be infringed; Magna Charta would be endangered, and the Bill of Rights seriously imperilled. Is such foolish pedantry as this to be listened to for a moment? So in the matter of obscene and dirty advertisements. What can be more easy than to bring every person who is advertised as the vendor of certain wares within Lord Campbell's Act, and to make such public announcements, where an address is given, penal offences? The matter of questionable photographs, of course, is more difficult, and will always be open to conflicting decisions. But what at the present moment is complained of by sober people—and no other complaints deserve to be attended to—is the suspicion that there is supineness and stupidity in the official mind as to the new shapes which public indecency takes. Sir George Grey, by diligent search into the archives of the Home Office, can probably discover no authenticated instance of the successful prosecution of the proprietor of an anatomical museum. The public fail to perceive the cogency of this answer, though we cannot dispute the fact. No doubt the Government is right in expecting that the initiative should be taken by the public. Public morality is not outraged until there are complaints on the part of the public. It is neither to be expected nor desired that the State should undertake those duties which are best left to private persons. A nuisance is not a nuisance till somebody complains of being injured. *Volenti non fit injuria*. We do not want a paternal government in the sense of undertaking personal duties. The police authorities are quite right in saying that the case of Regent Street, for example, was, in the first instance, a matter for the inhabitants of Regent Street, and its improved state (for it is improved) is due to Mr. Dolby and his friends undertaking that responsibility which Sir Richard Mayne very properly declined. The same may be said about the obscene museums. It will be time enough to ask for new legislation when the insufficiency of our present laws is proved. As matters stand, it may be reasonably expected that the Strand tradesmen—and, we may especially add, the authorities of King's College—should first move. If they fail—and it is by no means certain that they would fail—in suppressing this particular nuisance, we doubt whether new power would be refused to the police to deal with a new emergency.

But, as reported, M. Dupin dealt with the matter on larger grounds. He seems to have said that the *demi-monde* was encouraged by the *haut-monde*; and we may add that what is true of Paris is true of London. Our real social evil is that the manners of courtisans are creeping into the very verge of the Court. The dress, the equipage, the language, and the tastes of *Lais* are the standard of respectability in its choicest haunts. It is now virtue which pays the homage to vice, and it seems to be daily becoming a settled thing that one of the best chances of becoming a wife is to adopt the airs and style of those who are not wives. *Lais* gives hints to those who are to be the mothers of our peers and gentlemen of the next generation. It is these women, as M. Dupin says, who set the fashion to ladies of fashion. Now the question, and of course it is an interesting one, is whether there is anything new in all this? As far as dress goes, we rather doubt it. M. Dupin seems to rest a good deal on this, and utters a vehement tirade against crinoline, chiefly, however, on economical and sumptuary grounds. Just as Tertullian said that high heels were unchristian because they affected to add a cubit to the stature, so M. Dupin quotes the fable of the ox and the frog against hoop petticoats. A voluminous dress costs more than a scanty one; most of the wearers of swelling and trailing skirts cannot afford to buy them; therefore, the chances are that the wearers sell, or are ready to sell, their virtue to buy their petticoats. We question all this. There are of course cases, and many of them, in which worthless wives run up long milliners' bills. But so they always did. There never was an age in which female dress was not extravagant either in quantity or material, or perhaps in both. We are all, alike in England and France and America, very rich; and therefore it is nothing strange that female dress should be costly and extravagant. Nor, again, are we prepared to say that the present style of dress is especially and exceptionally immodest. We are not saying that purists cannot, and perhaps justly, find faults in this direction. But we are content to incur the imputation of being thought cynical when we venture to remark that all female dress is, and is meant to be—that is, it is in its original conception—suggestive. Whether it be of the past or the present generation, classical or modern, of the East or West, there may be detected in it one common nature. It is natural

that it should be so. To the pure all things are pure; the most innocent of maidens and matrons are not made immodest by the dress, whatever it is, of the period. But to say this is not to say that the dress of every period has not a suggestive basis. Women being women in all lands and in all countries, female dress must be female dress. And, therefore, crinoline and all that belongs to it is not worse, and certainly is not better, than the style which went before it, or than the style which will follow it. Its real fault is not that it is expensive—for we may as well have this form of expense as another; not that it is immodest—for a certain whiff of immodesty may be found by the curious in all dress; but that it is singularly cumbersome and excessively dirty.

The vice of our age, however, is not this; it is something more subtle and dangerous; and, unless we remembered that in the decline of Rome there must have been something like it which suggested to Horace his

Motus doceri gaudet Itonicos
Matura virgo . . .

we should have said that it was a new thing for chastity to copy the outward life of unchastity. Anyhow, the fast girl who has not lost her virtue, and does not intend to lose it, is a social evil far worse than the fast girl who has not, and does not pretend to have, any virtue at all. In English life this is a novelty. Belinda might be, and probably was, vain, silly, and frivolous; and her representatives in these days, with many more pretensions, are often as empty. But Belinda never dressed after and talked after Miss Kitty Fisher. And for this, which is the last and worst vice of modern society, the mothers are more responsible than the daughters. If the matrons and *chaperones* of the day permit, as they do, the gilded youth of the day to pass, without remark or censure, from the opera-box of *Lais* to the opera-box of the heiress of a half-hundred earls; if, without rebuke, the anecdotes and adventures of the *demi-monde* are reproduced as the small talk of the drawing-room; if jests fresh as imported from the free tongue of venal beauty are quoted on the croquet-ground and the lawn *fête*; and if the mothers permit, or perhaps encourage, all this, there is a blot on our morality which we had better look to in time. There are a good many awkward reasons for suspecting that, among many of our swaggers, that which claims for English women a pre-eminence in character above all the women of the earth is not the least audacious. Anyhow, the text on which M. Dupin addressed the French Senate might afford a profitable and savoury "exercise" to ourselves.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

PROBABLY no anniversary throughout the world is celebrated with so many rhetorical and material fireworks as that of the American Declaration of Independence. The display which took place last week doubtless surpassed all former celebrations. The American soil is as fertile in orators as it is in newspapers or Indian corn, and every orator has doubtless rubbed up his old figures of speech and interwoven such new ornaments as the last four years have suggested. The American eagle has been worked to death, and the star-spangled banner must be pretty well threadbare. The memory of the recent celebrations, where exultation had to be simulated or tempered with many forebodings, would only add zest in the present mood of unqualified confidence. Four years ago, the battle of Bull Run was being eagerly anticipated; three years ago, McClellan was endeavouring to force his way up the peninsula; two years ago, the tide was being turned at the desperate battle of Gettysburg; and last year Grant was in the midst of perhaps the bloodiest of all the bloody campaigns of the war. The contest is over which has heaped the narrow district between the Potomac and the James River with more corpses than perhaps ever strewn an equal area in an equal space of time; and Americans of all parties may at least rejoice in the return of peace, and the final disappearance of what seemed at times a horrible nightmare. The memory of the evil days from which they have emerged must have given a certain solemnity to the present celebration, not to be entirely washed out by all the unstinted floods of bad oratory and by all the consumption of divers kinds of drinks which have doubtless been lavished upon the occasion.

Indeed, as anniversaries go, the Fourth of July is decidedly superior to the average. In this old country, we cannot date our national existence from any particular day and hour. There is something, perhaps, in our character rather uncongenial to the very idea of such prescribed fits of exultation. When we get up on the same morning as that on which some very remarkable event took place, our first impression is that it is remarkably like any other morning. It is a difficult process to induce a set of associations to cluster round a day, merely on the ground that something surprising once happened on the same day some centuries ago. A feeble attempt was made to get up a certain excitement on the three hundredth anniversary of Shakspeare's birth; but, somehow or other, it appeared to most people to bear a strong resemblance to the two hundred and ninety-ninth. Most of our institutions crept into existence, instead of springing on to the stage after the due theatrical fashion. They slowly developed by a process of natural selection, and were not created full-grown, with all their faculties about them. One or two anniversaries managed to establish themselves accidentally, but the enthusiasm produced has since grown

remarkably cold. The Fifth of November led a very respectable existence for a time. It was perhaps rather absurd to celebrate an occasion on which the King and the Houses of Parliament were not blown into atoms; even the Glorious and Immortal Memory celebrated on the same day did not galvanize many people into uncontrollable spasms of loyal excitement. The devout language in which we commemorated the pious Martyr, and expressed our opinion about the probable fate of his murderers, has passed out of our prayer-books without exciting much regret from anybody; and perhaps we feel that England might have contrived to drag on a tolerable existence even if we had not been favoured with the restoration of his blessed successor. Most of these quasi-national jubilees had rather too much of party flavour about them, and we could not unhesitatingly date the origin of any great national improvement from the events celebrated. The battle of Waterloo is luckily finding its level amongst other historical events which we can afford to discuss with a tolerable show of calmness; and most people probably forgot that this year the 18th of June was again a Sunday, and the fiftieth anniversary of an event which once threatened to be a considerable bore. On the whole, we may perhaps congratulate ourselves that we are a nation almost without anniversaries, and that at least none of us can be subjected to the infliction of rising to deliver an annual panegyric on the many undoubted excellences of the British Constitution. We have quite enough sporadic outbursts of eloquence of that description, without having a particular day consecrated to a recurrent jubilee. Most nations modelled on the old-fashioned plan enjoy the same advantage. The French contrived to establish a certain number of marked days during their first Revolution, but they have since had revolutions enough to obliterate pretty effectually any special landmarks that were then thrown up.

The Americans have the ambiguous advantage of differing from us in this respect. They can point to the day and hour of their birth with the same precision as the schoolmen used to fix the creation of the world. The Declaration of Independence, according to Mr. Carlyle, marked the revelation of a new anarchy amongst men. If an anarchy means a dissolution of any constituted form of government, it certainly did; and, although the special means by which the new country cut itself adrift from the old was not exactly the best that might have been devised, the anarchy was one upon which we may certainly congratulate ourselves. It is some comfort that this small and effete island got clear of all responsibilities for such an unruly set of subjects as our cousins would speedily have shown themselves. One half of the oratory which flowed so freely upon old Fourth of July turned upon the rupture of the fetters which bound the colonists to the Mother-country. The only victories of which the young republic could boast with any complacency had been won against their respected relatives. They were not intrinsically very splendid, but in such cases one battle does about as well as another to serve as a nucleus round which rhetorical ornaments may be grouped. The accretions of successive years had given them almost mythical proportions, and the battle of New Orleans or Bunker's Hill stirred American vanity as much as if ten times the number of combatants had been engaged. But those contests must now pale their ineffectual fires in presence of a far more dazzling display; they will for the future recede into the background of history, and be seen through a crowd of far more exciting events. The War of Independence will in future be to the people of the United States what the recollections of distant school-days are to a man; the tremendous civil war is the period during which they have graduated, and taken rank among countries that have had losses, and that have a national debt and everything handsome about them. The sinking of these old memories, and, we may hope in time, of some of the old grudges along with them, is so far a benefit, although it is a sad fatality that the one civil war should be put out of sight only by a second civil war amongst men still more intimately connected. In proportion to the severity of the trial, the exultation at its successful termination should take a more sober tone; there will be the less need of exaggeration about a war of which the plain facts have been eloquent enough. The same change may possibly be looked for in the other half of the recognised oratorical displays. Looking backwards, the one topic upon which the speaker could dilate was the humiliation inflicted at divers periods upon the unlucky British Lion; looking forwards, he was bound to calculate how many millions of people would at a given date fill the valley of the Mississippi. The particular matter selected for calculation might of course be varied indefinitely, but some measure had to be found of the expansive force of an energetic population with practically boundless room for increase of wealth and numbers. It is possible that the venerable proverb may be true, or may not be so false as most commonplaces, which asserts the happiness of a nation without a history. It can certainly not be true of the wretched man who has to make a speech about such a nation. He is driven to repeat over and over again, in divers phrases, What a wonderfully great people we are, and how wonderfully much greater we shall be ten years hence! In a country like America this has come pretty nearly to saying, There are now ten or twenty million people just about as intelligent and well fed and well clothed as the humble individual who now addresses you; and some of us will live to see the time when there are twice or four times as many. Now, to make anything out of this, it was necessary to mix up the mere dry chaff of statistics with a good deal of bombast. It is a very pleasant reflection to a philanthropist that a very large number of human beings are maintaining a very

high average of comfort and education. But it is essentially a prosaic reflection, and is best fitted for expression by means of a census return. To manufacture sublimity out of mere vast size and surprising multitude of uninteresting units is the very process by which bombast is generated. To this necessity is owing a good deal of that peculiar American product known as tall talk, Buncombe, and by other expressive slang terms.

For the future, Americans will have something more serious to occupy their imaginations. In the transition from war to peace, the waters are still too turbid to enable us to distinguish the precise forms which questions are likely to take. It is plain enough that there will be for some time work for statesmen, and need for exercise of self-restraint and common sense on the part of the sovereign people. The first difficulties to be encountered are conspicuous enough, and must have made their presence felt even amidst the exultation of the Fourth of July just past. Five years ago, the celebration was one in which all parts of the States could share. It excited sympathies common to Boston and Charleston. If the South had succeeded in establishing their independence, they would have had a right still to celebrate the Declaration of Independence on their own account. It was written by a Southern statesman, and Virginia had as large a share in giving it practical effect as Massachusetts. But the men of Samaria would hardly have chosen to celebrate their great feast on the same day with men at Jerusalem. It would have been supplanted by some epoch of closer and more existing interest. The song of triumph which has gone up from all Northern cities has been in effect a glorification at the expense of the South. It is to be hoped that it has been tempered with sufficient kindness to be of good augury for the future. The cry for vengeance which was produced by the assassination of President Lincoln has had time to grow weak. We may hope that the accounts of the extreme suffering of the Southern people have contributed to a better state of feeling. The Americans are, in private life, a very kindly and benevolent race. Now that the excitement of a life and death struggle is over, they will have room enough for the exercise of the same qualities in public matters. It must be years before the bitter feelings of the losing side can be effectually soothed. The utter and irretrievable ruin which has fallen upon many Southern districts must keep the memory of the war fresh even for those who have not personally suffered. The blows have struck deep enough to injure the restorative power of the constitution, and deep-seated evils will long remain to need skilful treatment.

Fourth of July oratory has been hitherto an efflorescence of much that was most offensive in America to European canons of taste. The new topics which have been introduced will give opportunity for declamation of a more serious character. There will be no lack of subjects to test the ability to deal with complicated questions of statesmanship. If the Americans show themselves equal to the task, they will prove that much of what the world ridiculed lay upon the surface of their character—that it was the exuberant nonsense of a boy who had not yet felt the cares of practical business, and not a really ingrained levity and incapacity for thought. The power of being merciful in the moment of victory is important, not because mercy is a matter of strict duty, so much as because it is a test of the power of subordinating passion to more far-sighted views of policy.

THE HOUSE OF PEERS.

THERE is something mortifying in having backed a horse that bolts, or a champion who will not come up to time, or a great Minister who incurs merited Parliamentary censure. Some of the disgrace of the *protégé* inevitably recoils upon the protector. It is not only painful that your dearest hopes should have been balked, but it is still more intolerable that the far-sighted antagonist who always maintained a stolid scepticism in the face of all your predictions and boasts should now have the opportunity of uttering that most frightful of all insults, "I told you so." If anything can make you hate your favourite, and abuse him as heartily as ever the enemy did, it is your natural indignation with him at having exposed your self-love to such a blow. Something of this feeling is taking hold of those who have made it the foremost article in their political creed to believe in the House of Lords. For many a year they have dwelt upon the various arguments which prove the utility of a second Chamber, composed of independent men. They have expatiated upon the check imposed upon hasty legislation by men who devote themselves to the service of their country unaffected by any of those motives which might mislead those who are less safe from the freaks of fortune, and less insensible to the fascinations of ambition or of gain. These topics have been dwelt on with no little success. The advocates of the House of Lords have gained the public ear. No one envies it now its grandeur, and the utility of a control independent of popular caprice is generally admitted. There is only one dissenting voice to the general chorus which is thanking God that we have a House of Lords, and that is the voice of the House of Lords itself. That assembly apparently furnishes the only persons who are thoroughly tired of the institution. Their prerogatives are preserved to them with great care, but the majority utterly refuse to exert them. There have been many objections of all sorts to the principle of an hereditary Legislature, but it is quite new to hear them come from the hereditary Legislature itself. It is a symptom of the apathy of the times that, while there is

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not political animosity enough to support an attack upon the House of Lords, there is not in the body itself sufficient ambition to value powers which have been the subject of so much discussion.

At first sight, the slackness of attendance, of which everybody who either reads the reports or attends the sittings of the House must be painfully aware, seems altogether inexcusable. It is as bad as if the members of the Royal Family could not be induced to take the Crown; or, at the other end of the scale, as if no squires could be found patriotic enough to do gratuitously the work of magistrates. If no one cares to do anything for the public weal except what he is paid for, we have entered upon the shortest and easiest way known to a "strong government," democratic or otherwise. And if the nobles whose education has been the most carefully watched, whose duties are enjoined by so great an authority of tradition, set the example of luxurious idleness, other less favoured classes will not be slow to follow. It is impossible to exaggerate the evil which a general refusal to perform unpaid work would cause. The readiness that exists among us to do it is the one national characteristic that keeps the habits of self-government alive. But how can it be expected that Volunteers, jurymen, magistrates, members of Parliament will patiently endure the drudgery to which they now submit, if those who have no profession to occupy their time, no poverty to guard against, are the first to stand upon their strict legal right to eat the bread of idleness. The phenomenon to which Lord Cowper drew attention the other night is remarkable in many ways. It is coincident with a struggle against the encroachments of democracy as tenacious and as energetic as was ever waged by the depositaries of power in any nation. When so much labour is given to the maintenance of a defence, one would imagine that there was something which was thought worth defending. There is nothing more odious to persons of democratic opinions than a non-elective authority of any kind; and to the democracies both of America and France, the English House of Lords has always been a rock of offence. But if its prerogatives are so insignificant that the exercise of them is not worth a walk to Westminster, it is hardly worth while to refuse the democrats a concession they would value so highly. Probably at this moment a considerable number of the Peers who have subjected themselves for Sessions past to the just weight of Lord Cowper's censure are working hard and spending freely in order to return members to Parliament to resist men and measures that they look upon as democratic. It is difficult to conceive what are the particular dangers which men can fear from democracy who have not the least objection to allow the anti-democratic half of the Legislature to fall into abeyance. Certain it is that no theorists, however visionary, no agitators, however unscrupulous, are promoting the spread of democratic opinions half so effectively as these lazy Peers.

Still there is another side to the question, which the censors of the House of Lords must not leave out of sight. If that body is upheld much more generally than it formerly was by public opinion, it must also be remembered that a variety of circumstances have tended to diminish its power materially in recent years. Some of those public instructors who are now rebuking the House of Lords have taken a large share in promoting the movement of opinion by which it has been reduced to comparative insignificance. Those who have continually preached pliancy to the Peers, and have browbeat them whenever they showed a glimmer of independence, are not entitled now to turn round upon them and complain of their want of zeal. It is an old adage that you cannot eat your cake and have it too. You cannot combine in any political arrangement the opposite advantages of two conflicting systems. The performance of this impossible feat is a very common aspiration among hasty politicians. They desire to have the rapidity and firmness of a strong Government, and yet to enjoy the blessings of freedom. They wish to retain all the social and political advantages of an Established Church with definite formularies, and yet to admit unlimited divergency of doctrine among the office-bearers in it. In the same way, they want a House of Lords that shall be perfectly subservient to the House of Commons, and yet one that shall be zealous and punctual in the exercise of its sham powers of legislation. It is obvious that the desire is one not likely to be fulfilled more easily in this than in the other cases. The private business of the House, in reference to which Lord Cowper's complaint was chiefly made, is not in itself an occupation likely to attract men. It is very irksome, very arduous, and it is performed under the constant sense that it might be performed much better by somebody else. Even in the other House of Parliament it is submitted to as an inevitable appendage to the political privileges of its position. No one becomes a member of Parliament, at great cost and trouble, in order that he may sit in judgment upon roads and waterworks; but he does these subordinate duties because they are incident to the condition of a member of Parliament, which he has been anxious to obtain for other reasons. But even in the Lower House, where there is a considerable compensation in the shape of genuine political power, the task is performed unwillingly; and scarcely a year passes in which some effort is not made to contrive arrangements by which the burden may be either lightened or removed. In the House of Lords, where the compensation in the shape of political power is much scantier, the discontent is naturally more demonstrative. But, apart from the question of Private Business, it may be argued, not only antecedently but from actual history,

that the activity of such a body as the House of Lords will in a great measure vary directly with its political importance. Purely consultative bodies, if they have not advanced to actual legislative power, have almost always withered away. The House of Lords is in the position of a consultative body only in respect to matters of importance. In respect to subordinate legislation its independence is real. But then its passive condition in respect to the larger questions is entirely a matter of its own choice. The necessity of pliancy, which has been so often impressed upon it in language so unmeasured, may possibly be exaggerated. Discretion in dealing with popular opinion in an excited condition will, of course, be always indispensable. But the healthy public opinion of the nation will look with more respect upon a body that adheres to its own opinion stoutly, and does its duties manfully, than to one the majority of whose members have become too luxurious to face either unpopularity or hard work.

MONDAY AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

PROFESSOR OWEN, Mr. Frank Buckland, and others have certainly done a good deal to encourage the study of zoology, but unquestionably the greatest popular instructor in this branch of science that has appeared in modern times is the hippopotamus. The arrival of that distinguished Egyptian among us fifteen years ago more than doubled the number of visitors to the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, and, as the guide-book puts it, "the population of London thus attracted to the establishment as suddenly discovered that it contained an unrivalled collection of the most interesting and instructive character, in which, if, as often happened, they failed to see the hippopotamus, they had still the rhinoceros and a vast number of other objects to occupy them which were scarcely, if at all, less attractive." In this way many meritorious beasts, who at first merely shone in the reflected light of the illustrious stranger, came to be public characters on their own account, and to receive that share of attention to which their place in animated nature entitled them. A taste for natural history was developed in the London public, and the Zoological Society was thereby encouraged and enabled to add to its collection, and make the Gardens still more attractive and instructive. The consequence is that they have long since completely distanced the Polytechnic and all similar improving institutions, and take rank with the Crystal Palace on Easter and Whit Monday. Marsupial has become a household word; there is no pedantry now in speaking of anthropoid apes; and one may talk of the apteryx as freely as of the weather—for all which benefits science and society are indebted to the hippopotamus.

It is on Monday afternoons, perhaps, that the influence of this great philanthropist is best seen. Not that the visitors are more numerous than on the musical Saturdays, when the band of the Second Life Guards performs by permission of Colonel Marshall, or on the select Sundays with admission by Fellow's order only; but that on Monday the crowd is a genuine holiday-making, sight-seeing, beast-inspecting crowd, bent on getting its full sixpennyworth of zoological recreation, and enjoying to the utmost all that the Society has to offer. With animals of social disposition and gluttonous tendencies Monday is a day of high jinks; for it is an axiom with the Monday visitors that to bring out the characteristics of any creature you must treat him, and they make a point of offering refreshment of some sort to every bird or beast that exhibits any signs of affability or appetite. They show favourably in this respect in comparison with the people on other days, who appear to entertain the selfish idea that the restaurants in the Gardens have been established merely to supply the visitors with ices and other luxuries. With the Monday visitors, the refreshment department is an institution for relieving the hardships of captivity by means of nuts and buns, and such articles of food as will best soothe the animal mind and recall the diet of its native forest or jungle; and a very fortunate thing it is for some creatures that the choice is a limited one. If nails or scrap iron, for instance, were procurable, the career of the ostrich would be short, notwithstanding his good digestion. As it is, however, the Monday public is restricted to nuts and the simpler forms of confectionery, and hence arises a new system of classification not contemplated by Buffon or Cuvier. Any creature that climbs, or appears to have a gift for climbing, naturally belongs to the order of nut-crackers, and is treated accordingly; while the rest of the animal world is considered to be bunivorous, always excepting some few animals whose proper place in nature cannot for some particular reason be satisfactorily settled. There is the giraffe, for example, which the visitors are very needlessly requested not to feed, as if visitors were in the habit of carrying about a step-ladder; and the seal, who has been tried with almost every description of viand sold in the Gardens, and has not yet declared himself in favour of any. Even orange-peel appears to be frequently offered to him, though it is difficult to imagine by what train of reasoning that particular dainty is suggested as likely to prove acceptable to a member of the family of the phocidæ.

This bounteous generosity on the part of the public makes Monday a busy day with the keepers, for it so happens—as is unfortunately too often the case with the human animal also—that the individuals whose health is most precarious and whose constitutions are most rickety are precisely those who are most open to temptation and inclined to self-indulgence. The wolf, a coarse healthy brute who can be easily replaced, will turn up his nose at a Bath bun; but the delicate and invaluable chimpanzee would, if

allowed, eat himself into an incurable dyspepsia in half an hour, and the greatest circumspection on the part of the officers of the Society is required to moderate the liberality of the visitors and check the imprudence of the animals. These officers are, besides, persons of greater importance on these occasions than on other days. Their intimacy with and power over the occupants of the cages invest them with a kind of mysterious interest. They are followed about, and any scrap of information they volunteer is precious. Goldsmith and Peter Parley may be authorities, but what is their theoretical knowledge compared with that of men who are on such terms with a lion that they can address him as "Tom," and are perfectly familiar with all his ways and weaknesses? And then these privileged beings know what the Gardens look like at night. They see the "tiger burning bright," and the eyes of the lion glowing like coals, as described by Dr. Goldsmith and other naturalists; and if the wolf ever "behows the moon," they are cognizant of the performance, and know how it is done. Also they hear the hyena laughing to himself in the night-watches, as he must do if he laughs at all, for he never shows any sign of jocularity in the daytime; and they know whether the hippopotamus snores, and what the giraffe does with his neck and legs when he wants to go to sleep.

Monday, too, is a trying day for the elephant and the camels, in consequence of the number of children. A ride on the back of each of these animals is too much a part of the traditional business of the day to be on any account omitted. The parents seem to be of opinion that a visit to the Gardens would be as incomplete without this ceremony as eight hours at the seaside without a dip in the sea, and a cupful of salt water administered by way of a tonic—a view which appears to be shared by the youngsters also, for they perform the rite with resignation rather than pleasure. As regards the camel, they are tolerably easy—there is something so reassuring about his mild eye and amiable ugly face; but they seldom take kindly to the elephant. That vast red cavern into which they looked tremblingly as the buns disappeared from sight seems so admirably adapted for stowing away small children, and the lithe proboscis such an excellent instrument for thrusting them in, that they take their seats with sore misgivings, and are not unfrequently carried away in tears, to the intense delight, apparently, of the cynical old raven living opposite the mounting place, who may be observed dancing on his perch, barking, drawing corks, and exhibiting every corvine sign of satisfaction. Also, it may be remarked that the deep-seated misanthropy of the monkey tribe is brought out strongly by the sight of the children. On Monday, above all other days of the week, a Regent's Park monkey feels the loss of his liberty. From morn till night he is exposed to the aggravation of having within easy reach, were it not for the bars, the most splendid opportunities for revenging man's treatment on the plump and tender persons of man's offspring. Five minutes of freedom among those smiling innocents would suffice him to wipe off that long score of insult and contumely that has been running ever since the days of Hiram and Solomon, and yet he has to take their nuts as if aphehood had never been outraged. A delightful spectacle, which may be sometimes witnessed on a Monday, is the meeting between the monkeys and the pupils of some North London seminary, who are receiving their sixpenny-worth of zoological information. The monkeys at once recognise the boys as rival imitators and enemies of man, and are much agitated by their presence; while the boys—who feel that these animals are possessed of many enviable faculties, such as their genius for mischief, remarkable powers of climbing, exemption from clothes, tails, and the like desirable gifts—indemnify themselves by making faces at the monkeys, and taunting them with their inability to get out. The exasperation of the latter, however, is very much soothed by seeing their tormentors marched off in custody to resume their studies. It is unnecessary to point out how gratifying this is, or how fortunate it is for humanity that these creatures should hate one another. What if they were to fraternize! what if the boys were to rise and liberate all the monkeys in captivity, and then combine with them against the common enemy—man!

The sentiments of the monkeys are probably unknown to the Monday public, for of all the dwellers in the Gardens they are the most popular. This is not merely because they are the near relatives of man and travesty human life in all their actions, but also because they are familiar objects associated with ideas of barrel-organs and street performances. Zoological rarities and interesting scientific facts have but little charm for the mass of the Monday visitors. They are not in the least impressed by the fact that the hyrax, though it looks very like a rabbit, is closely allied to the rhinoceros, or that the capybara really belongs to the family of the rodentia. What they like is an animal with associations. They do not care a pin for the cavia caprea until they find that it means their old friend the guinea-pig. If the Society were to secure a specimen of the unicorn, they would look at it with interest, not as a curiosity in zoology, but as having been frequently painted, and being intimately connected with the lion and the crown and the little dog of the popular legend. There is no use in trying to tempt them with wombats and penguins. They say, "Come along and see the beaver wot the 'ats is made of."

Here it was that the good old-fashioned caravans and wild-beast shows, the Wombwells and Pidcocks of other days, had the advantage over our new-fashioned highly instructive Zoological Gardens. They appealed to the imagination. The animals were not "specimens" of this or that, as the modern phrase puts it.

They stood solely on their merits as legendary characters, which the keeper, as he went round with the long pole, was careful to dwell upon at due length. The kangaroo might be the most widely distributed quadruped in creation for aught he cared; the real point to be impressed on the public mind was that it kept its young in a pouch until they arrived at years of discretion. There were no fine-drawn distinctions of striped and spotted hyenas. The notoriously untameable nature of the beast, borne out by his restless trot up and down his cage, was a far more suggestive theme, and afforded ample food for reflection. For imaginative purposes the Gardens are quite useless. You see too much of the animals, and they look too sleek, comfortable, and contented to convey thoroughly the genuine wild-beast idea. In the dim religious light of the old booth you got indistinct glimpses of sullen hairy objects which were worth any number of noonday tigers. They were like those delightfully vague accounts, in the earlier pages of *Robinson Crusoe*, of the "vast great creatures" seen and heard on shore when he was making his escape from Saltee, which are far more impressive, and have more of the real flavour of outlandish adventure in them, than any matter-of-fact descriptions of lion or tiger terrors. Nor is there any smell worth mentioning at the Zoological Gardens. At the wolf's cage only, in very favourable weather and with the wind in the right quarter, you can sometimes get a whiff of the true beast bouquet. In the caravan you got it, adulterated no doubt with the perfumes of lamp oil and orange-peel, and powerful rather than pleasant, but still full of suggestions of tropical and savage life, of musty dens and rank swamps and thickets, "of antres vast and deserts idle," a fragrance most stimulating to a youth of wandering propensities. "Above all, don't go to any sights of wild beasts"—so Lamb writes to Manning, endeavouring to cure him of his passion for Eastern travel—"that has been your ruin." But no one was ever ruined in this way by a zoological garden. The moral of the old spelling-book romance of "Tommy and Harry" had some point in it when the popular lion was a gaunt, mangy, hungry-looking brute, in a dark and evil-smelling cell. He bore some sort of resemblance to the hideous monster depicted in the woodcut as the instrument by which little boys who "don't care" are finally punished. But there is nothing about the appearance of a Regent's Park lion to suggest the propriety of walking in the paths of virtue and of Tommy. He is obviously far too lazy and good-natured for purposes of retribution, and the little boys in the present day do not in the least stand in awe of him. Besides, they are too well informed now. Threaten them with a devouring lion, and they reply at once, out of one of their books, that the lion is by nature indolent rather than bold, and, unprovoked, rarely attacks man. This is what modern science does for the cause of virtue.

WOOLWICH AND SANDHURST.

IF the great maxim that people ought never to interfere with what does not concern them could only be brought home to the consciences of all Englishmen, how happy a task would it be to administer the British army! History conclusively shows that strict privacy is the true preventive of scandals, and that abuses never can be the talk of society when society is prevented from finding them out. Free discussion is the bane of serenity of mind; and, without serenity of mind, how can a Commander-in-Chief set himself rightly to the composition of eulogistic adjectives, or a Secretary for War charm the House of Commons with his periods? There is no department of military affairs, from the modelling of a hat down to the dismissal of an officer, in which much thought is not indispensable to success. But to be successful it must be uninterrupted. If there is any point in which at times we may have fancied Lord Hartington deficient, it is in concentration of mind. And how can any one concentrate his mind when people keep asking questions? It must be hard enough to have to make out what the Horse Guards want, without having to keep an eye at the same time on the wants of the outside public. We know who it is that finds the mischief still for idle hands to do. But the War Department must wonder very often what specially ill-natured genius so often conducts the mischief in the special direction of inquisitiveness about army management. Of all the planets in the upper world, why should Mars be so often singled out as the object of attention? Why cannot the public allow him to twinkle-twinkle, like any other heavenly body, and content itself with wondering what on earth his organization and economy may be?

If there is one subject connected with army administration upon which wonder has more completely settled down into permanent mistrust than upon any other, it is that of military education. Unfortunately for those in authority, education is a thing about which it is possible for outsiders to have some very distinct opinions, and about which it will hardly do to tell them that no one but a soldier can hope to understand it rightly. The papers of last Monday contained the names of a hundred and six young gentlemen who have successfully passed the examination for entrance to the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. They have taken the first step in an honourable profession, are about to train themselves for it, must in time, with ordinary diligence, qualify themselves to serve the country, and most of them have their career fairly opened to them from this date onwards. And yet, of the friends of these hundred and six boys we will undertake to say that nine-tenths are sending their sons to a place of education which they regard with little confidence, and to the results of which on the formation of a

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young soldier's character they look rather with apprehension than with hope. They are conscious that the ordinary entrance to the army is by an education which is not the best, or nearly the best, which might be given; that it is under the management of men who are not necessarily appointed to their post in consequence of their superior fitness or energy; that it is in some things childishly harsh, in others culpably remiss; that it professes to give a wholly professional training, instead of a training which shall humanize as well as instruct; that it neglects entirely to attend to the individual welfare, the moral and personal progress, of those submitted to it; that it endeavours to enforce an external regularity alone, and does not succeed even in that. If asked for the grounds upon which they have formed this belief, we fear that the persons of whom we are speaking might give but an indistinct, though we cannot call it a wholly insufficient, reply. They would perhaps say that, as all that they know themselves of the military colleges is but small, they have to form their opinion from the students, the professors, the friends whom they happen to know; and that, with a strange consistency, the verdict given is invariably a hostile one. They would declare that while Cambridge and Oxford, Eton and Harrow, have their good points as well as their bad, Woolwich, and still more Sandhurst, are, for some reason or other, always mentioned in disparage rather than commendation. They would call to mind that every cadet that they have ever come across of late years has grumbled at the arrangements of his college, and that not one has ever spoken in terms of affection of his superiors. They might not go so far, we will hope, as to say that all the young men who are educated at these colleges are the worse for the years they have spent there; but if they declared that a larger proportion was in danger of becoming so than can be at all accounted for by considering the ordinary temptations and impetuous nature of young men, we fear they would have many to agree with them. Finally, they would add, they read the newspapers; and places of education where mutinies are normal and frequent are, all the world over, places where the education is bad.

The cardinal defect in the Woolwich and Sandhurst system is the divorce of instruction from discipline. No principle of education can be more certain in our eyes than that a teacher will not be respected if he is a teacher and nothing else, and that, on the other hand, it is unwise to require young men to respect those from whom they have nothing to learn. The general control during the hours which are not devoted to work must rest, if our English ideas are not wholly wrong, chiefly in the hands of those whose position is one of intellectual authority also. It is true, the Continental system is very much the other way; but we have always been accustomed to think, and the best teachers of the Continent have been found to agree in the belief, that this is the one vantage-ground which our national system of education indisputably holds over those of Germany and France. The separation is not only practically unwise, but it is altogether false in idea. If the improvement of a boy's mind is to be considered as something completely foreign to the rest of his life—an accretion on, rather than a portion of, his general growth and development—a *maitre d'études* may have his separate place fitly enough, and be ticketed and sorted by himself in the same way as a cook may be set apart in a household for the distinct department of dinner. But no education which has any pretence to the name will be satisfied with any theory of the kind. The principle of division of labour breaks down if carried so far. Good learning and good manners have gone together in our formularies ever since our schools and colleges were founded. Once allow a student to feel that the professor and the censor represent elements of training of totally different kinds, and it will be strange if he fail to adopt the belief that learning has little to do with conduct. The mistake is the same when a chaplain is set over the place to give an air of religion to the college, and to look after the moral character of three or four hundred boys. The thing becomes a parody of moral supervision. It is possible that English education may be somewhat too exclusively at present in the hands of the clergy, though the position is one in which parents acquiesce very readily; but for a system which combines entire absence of all moral or religious influence with perfect respectability of clerical patronage and preaching, commend us to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

It may be a heresy, but we cannot help wondering whether it is really necessary, because a young gentleman wishes to spend his life in the army, that he should from the age of sixteen onwards be therefore considered a military man. Pipe-clay is a beautiful and ornamental pigment, but why put it on so soon? If a person intends to belong to companies and battalions all his life, and to touch his hat with two fingers instead of five, one would have thought that it would be time enough to begin when the profession itself was entered. Now, we will be candid enough to confess that experience is, on the whole, in favour of some sort of professional teaching as preliminary to the calling of war. The civilian generals in America have not been considered, on the whole, to have been successful. Grant and Sherman, Lee and Longstreet, were all West Point men, and the only civilian officers, we believe, who have risen to any eminence are Butler, and his successor, Terry. But, in the first place, it is in the scientific branches of the service that this training is most needed; and in all branches it is surely unnecessary to import a military tone into all the details of organization. Why should a man be placed at the head of a school because he has been a good general or because he is popular at the Horse Guards? Why should the discipline among the cadets be entirely in the hands of officers?

Why should the cadets themselves be known as privates and corporals, instead of as Jones and Brown? Why should non-commissioned officers in the army be set to report upon and control them? Is the working of a regiment so near an approach to the perfect pattern of society that the endeavour must be made to imitate it in all the petty external details that can be thought of? Why should it be held desirable at our training colleges, if it is not held desirable at any other places of education in the country, that no idea of mutual confidence between the governors and the governed should ever for a moment enter the heads of either one or the other?

The one thing necessary, says Lamachus at the United Service Club, as he discusses the last new thing in military appointments, is that the young fellows must be taught to obey. The authorities have thus far been singularly unsuccessful in teaching this lesson. And yet one would not have thought it so hopeless, under the ordinary system. For many years such a thing as a rebellion has not been dreamed of at any of the public schools of the country. At Woolwich and Sandhurst they mutiny whenever the fancy seizes them. Three or four years ago there was a rebellion at Sandhurst; great personages came down, expressed their hope that things would go on pleasantly, and countermanded the drill which had given offence. Strange to say, they mutinied the other day again, and broke an excellent officer's windows. Great personages came down once more, went to the length of delivering their sentiments freely, and presently went off and delivered an apology for the delinquents to the assembled cadets at Woolwich. The young fellows must learn to obey, says Lamachus. But how if they will not learn? Will extra hours of parade and additional strength of vocabulary reduce the restive spirits to submission? Will a sense that the eyes of great personages are upon them inculcate dutiful behaviour and an increased reverence for plate-glass? Or will it be at length discovered that a feeling of reciprocal esteem is the only safe foundation of allegiance, and that true loyalty is incompatible with a system which works best when it works most like a piece of military machinery?

The pith of what we have been saying is this—Horse Guards government is unsuited for directing a place of education. It is not human enough, not elastic enough, not public enough. Of the Royal Duke who is anxious to be considered as mainly responsible for the administration of Woolwich and Sandhurst we have every wish to speak with respect. We have no doubt that he is as well fitted to supervise the education of English boys as any general officer of his position and standing can be. We have no doubt that his official addresses to the body of cadets at either college will bear comparison, for vigour of expression, with any similar discourses of the day. We are persuaded that the amenities of social life, the practice of which is so important to an officer, can be expounded in theory by the present Commander-in-Chief as well as by any one in the world, whenever the official visit is paid. Nor is it unimportant that the cadets should be reminded, by a connection with whatever is great in the surroundings of a Court, that the army is considered to be a body of high respectability, and is expected to behave as such. When young gentlemen are not to be thrilled with a sense of the ethical sublime, it is the next best thing that they should be fired with an admiration of the socially elevated. And yet, somehow, we do find within ourselves a permanent and rooted mistrust of the Horse Guards whenever it attempts to deal with anything beyond its own immediate province. We can see no *à priori* reason why men should be better fitted than the rest of mankind for superintending education because they happen to be members of a profession which, by the nature of the case, forbids their being very completely educated themselves. There is nothing to prevent the military colleges from being as well administered as any other school or college in the kingdom, if only the right men were put to administer them, and they were left unfettered by the protection of the great and mighty. As it is, we should be sorry to make an indiscriminate attack on the arrangements of these institutions and the behaviour of their members. We wish to be perfectly fair. We are inclined to think, on the whole, that the arrangements are rather worse at Woolwich than at Sandhurst, and the behaviour rather worse at Sandhurst than at Woolwich. With something of the same system on foot as that which has been found to answer well at other places of education, the public might perhaps be inclined to place more confidence in both the one and the other, and we should be spared the unpleasant task of calling attention to their notorious and undisputed defects.

THE DOINGS OF THE GREAT.

AS every loyal subject is by this time aware, the Prince of Wales's chimney caught fire the other afternoon, and the "devouring element," as reporters sublimely style a little hot soot, was only subdued after the most arduous exertions on the part of Lord Derby, Lord Palmerston, and His Royal Highness himself. Such is the simple story as given in half a dozen lines in most of the morning papers. But only the fashionable *Post* does full justice to the momentous importance of the event and the heroic achievements of the principal actors. The epic simplicity with which the writer opens his story prepares us for what follows:—"There is no exaggeration in saying that Marlborough House stood in extreme jeopardy yesterday afternoon, and there can be no question that good luck alone has hitherto saved

the building, for it is little less than a miracle that no serious disaster has occurred there long ago." Observe the wariness of the style, the economy of words, and the cogent proof of the proposition about good luck by means of the other proposition about a miracle. The art of putting the same statement into two forms of words, and then advancing one as a proof of the other, is here employed in a masterly manner. The subject is treated throughout with the same power and skill, and the result is a picture which ought to live in history along with that of Canute and his courtiers. As soon as the fire broke out the Prince hastened to the spot. "Seeing the urgency of the case, without a moment's hesitation he threw off his coat and waistcoat and handed buckets of water from the tank, or threw them on the fire with more alacrity perhaps than any of the other persons assisting." Why "perhaps"? Can it be doubted? Besides the courageous manipulation of the buckets, the Prince gave "the most judicious orders throughout the exciting scene." When it became evident that, "in order the more effectually to combat the danger," somebody must go—no, we beg pardon, "an entrance must be effected"—into "that part of the building commonly called the 'cockloft,'" the Prince was the first to penetrate "into the region indicated." We can sympathize fully with the distracted feelings of the fashionable reporter whom a hard fate compelled to call anything by the name by which it is "commonly called." The whole body ought really to lay their heads together and invent some less odious name for a cockloft. It sounds so horribly vulgar, and the notion of a prince having to climb into a cockloft approaches the tragic. However, the literary Jeames has done his best to soften the thing down by the genteel phrase of "penetrating the region indicated." Unhappily, the Prince "penetrated" the region indicated in another sense. "Not knowing that, to secure one's safety, it was necessary to tread on the joists, he trod on the lath and plaster work constituting the ceiling of the apartment beneath." The blood of the reader runs cold as he pictures the Heir to the Throne walking on lath and plaster, and without his coat and waistcoat too. The worst apprehensions of the onlookers were realized, and the lath and plaster gave way. As they did not "prove sufficiently strong to maintain his weight, he fell through." There is surely something slightly irreverent in thus attributing weight to a royal personage. The famous Queen of Spain, who "had no legs" officially, ought to be the type of princely nature. It was probably only by a slip of the pen that the writer betrayed this base anthropomorphic conception of a prince. But be that as it may, at this point the neglected joists came in useful and prevented him from falling far. "He quickly extricated himself, laughing most heartily at the drollness of the mishap, even amidst the danger which threatened." By the way, "threatened" is rather a weak way of ending a sentence. "Imminently menaced his royal residence," or some such phrase, would have been more worthy of the occasion. Jeames does not get hold of such a theme as a prince in a cockloft every day, and it is a pity not to make the most of it. The last sentence, however, of this amazing composition is pretty fair. It tells us that "the Prince of Wales, as soon as the fire was extinguished, though in a condition in which he was hardly recognisable, failed not to remember those who had assisted him, and ordered refreshments to be served out to the blackened and begrimed people who had worked so hard and well." There is a kind of pathetic accent about the last few words. "The blackened and begrimed people who had worked so hard and well." It rather reminds one of some of Mr. Bright's fine things about the sons and daughters of toil. We do not, however, quite see the force of the "though." We fear Jeames has fallen into a confusion of the subjective and objective. There is no reason why a man who is not recognisable should not recognise others, nor does it follow, because he has a dirty face and is without a coat, that his bosom should be unmoved by gratitude and considerateness. But the footman who, we presume, writes these things may be pardoned for associating good nature and other excellences with a good coat. It is the nature of the creature. He thinks the seat of the soul is not in the pineal gland, or any other part of the body, but in the coat and waistcoat. At all events, the Prince may be congratulated on having proved in his own person the falsehood of the cynical saying that no man is a hero to his own valet.

On pondering over this thrilling and instructive story, we cannot help thinking that the whole affair was contrived to inculcate the profound moral of King Canute upon modern courtiers. Like Canute, the Prince of Wales is probably bored to death with adulation and flattery. He cannot do the simplest thing, like any other gentleman, without having it blazoned abroad with all sorts of preposterous exaggerations in newspapers and little prints which live on such tattle. He cannot even put his own chimney out in peace. Sensible of the scandalous absurdity of such views in those about him, he doubtless resolved to repeat the great Canute scene over again, due allowance being made for the altered spirit of the times. The sea-shore is not very handy for Marlborough House, but fire is always procurable. As Canute took water for the medium of his moral, the Prince had recourse to fire. Every other adjunct was perfect. The Prime Minister of England and the powerful chief of the Opposition were both present. Two or three of the most illustrious of the Peers were there, while a body of soldiers and a detachment of the A division lent an air of severe solemnity to the proceedings. The scene was not quite so imposing as that of the old story. The notion of an aged monarch, appalled in his royal vestments, waving his sceptre over the grey waters of the everlasting seas,

has a touch of the sublime about it that we can scarcely discern in the cockloft of Marlborough House. But the moral was pointed every bit as effectively. The ancient courtiers saw that the wave would not retreat at their master's bidding. Their modern successors were clearly convinced that fire will not retreat before a prince unless, like other mortals, he takes off his coat and hands buckets with alacrity, and that lath and plaster refuse as obstinately to perform the duty of joists for him as for anybody else. Let us hope that the lesson will not be thrown away, and that this ludicrous flunkeyism may be reduced within somewhat more moderate bounds.

One of the national characteristics which strike Frenchmen with most astonishment is our insatiable avidity to know all the details of the private life of great people. We laugh at the Americans for the way in which they crowd in uninvited hosts to the White House, and for the restless curiosity which prevents all their public men from knowing a day's seclusion or genuine privacy. Yet what could beat the childishness of the people who thronged down to the House of Lords on Tuesday morning to see how the Chancellor, who was tranquilly hearing an appeal, bore the resolution of the night before? And there are many persons, chiefly ladies it must be confessed, who find the *Court Circular* the most interesting and important part of the newspapers. The announcement that Her Majesty walked for an hour on the slopes, or that the Princess of Wales took a carriage drive, is far more to them than the most momentous telegram from America or France. Some of them with an inductive turn of mind, by keeping a keen eye on everything that is recorded, and putting this and that together as they say, acquire a most accurate knowledge of the degrees of cordiality existing between different members of the Royal Family. A middle-aged lady lately assured a friend that one of the young princesses, whom she named, must be in some sort of trouble with her relations. The friend, after expressing a decorous concern for so shocking a state of things, ventured to inquire how the sad information had been obtained. "Because I have noticed," was the answer, "that for eight weeks and three days she has never driven out with anybody but a lady-in-waiting." What a picture of a persevering investigator, uniting infallible shrewdness with dauntless patience, and combining the inductive with the ratiocinative method, just as philosophers say we ought to do! Still it is not a very laudable thing to bring the inductive and ratiocinative methods to bear upon other people's business. It is no part of the British Constitution, as it is seemingly of that of the United States, that no holder of a public post can have any private affairs. Of course one must make allowance for human nature. We need not take the ground that it is a dreadful thing for people with immortal souls to save to waste a moment of the precious time in wondering at what hour a prince gets up in the morning, or how he gets through the day until dinner. A little moderate curiosity of this kind is pardonable enough in those who have a great deal of time on their hands, and scarcely a single intelligent interest or pursuit with which to occupy it. It may take its place with spirit-rapping, and potichomanie, and acrostics, and all the other follies by the aid of which lazy folks loll through life. Perhaps a make-believe interest, like a make-believe activity, is better than none at all, and people had better be curious about the Royal Family than curious about nothing. For the unhappy objects of such curiosity this is no consolation. They have no alternative but to bear with patience all these impertinences, and the only thing they can do is to beware of footmen, butlers, and others with a genius for fine writing.

TURRET SHIPS.

THE long controversy between Captain Cowper Coles and the Admiralty, with its barren results, suggests the same question which has been raised on many previous occasions, why every one who presumes to make a useful suggestion to our naval rulers should be considered as *prima facie* guilty of an unpardonable offence. The inquiry whether a particular design may or may not be as good as it appears to the inventor, is quite distinct from the question why fair play is never given to those who venture ahead of the course which the Board of Admiralty may have marked out for itself. It is matter of history that every modern improvement in the construction and armament of ships of war has been condemned in the first instance by official wisdom. The use of steam was scouted for years, and we dare not say how many thousands of tons of sailing vessels were produced in the Royal dockyards after the steam-engine had superseded sails in a great portion of the mercantile marine. When steam had fairly forced itself into favour, it was a settled article of official faith that paddles must always be retained as a mark for an enemy's shot long after the proved superiority of the screw. We need not go many years back to find that iron-plating was, in the estimation of the Admiralty, an idle crotchet of ambitious engineers. Still more recently it was pronounced, on the best authority, that no ship could be built to carry anything much heavier than the old 95-cwt. gun, and that it was in vain to recommend a more effective armament. Every one of these vital improvements was condemned without hesitation by the advisers of the Admiralty, and, after the loss of precious time and the waste of millions of money, every one of these improvements was in its turn adopted. It does not follow that, because the Admiralty has been wrong in its first judg-

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ment on all these modern innovations, it is equally wrong in the unfavourable opinion which has been pronounced upon Captain Coles's design for a sea-going turret ship. At the same time, the experience which teaches us how prone the best counsellors of the Admiralty have always been to prejudice every novelty in an unfavourable sense justifies the conclusion to which impartial observers are everywhere led, that a preliminary rejection by the Board of Admiralty is not at all conclusive against the merits of an invention. Nothing will ever satisfy the country that the turret principle has been fairly tried until a vessel expressly designed to carry a turret at sea has been built with all the care which so important an experiment deserves.

For the last seven or eight years, the great problem of naval architecture has been to enable ships to carry ordnance of sufficient power to cope with the stoutest defensive armour which can be made to float. It is not to be supposed that the Admiralty is blind to the importance of surmounting this difficulty, if it can be surmounted. For several years Mr. Reed has loudly proclaimed his ability to construct a sea-going ship which shall carry the heaviest ordnance on the broadside principle. He has had unlimited command of the resources of the dockyards; and, whatever he may eventually succeed in effecting, neither he nor any one else has yet proved the feasibility of working 300-pounders, much less 600-pounders, on the old-fashioned plan. So far as official efforts have gone at present, the problem remains unsolved. Neither can it be said that any other country has been entirely successful in its attempts in the same direction. The Americans did not much want sea-going ships; and, though their Monitors were armed with the heaviest metal, they had an unpleasant habit of going to the bottom when exposed to anything like a heavy sea. As most of them were of little more than 1,000 tons burden, it is not very surprising that such overloaded cockboats were unfit for a kind of service for which they were never designed. It is true that the *Kearsarge* and some other small cruisers of the United States were armed with guns of a calibre altogether unknown in the British navy, as the unlucky *Alabama* found to her cost; but the power of mounting such guns was only gained by the sacrifice of defensive armour, and American experience proves—what might easily have been foreseen—that a ship which is to behave well at sea, to carry very heavy guns, and to be tolerably protected against an ordinary enemy, must be a good deal bigger than a 1,000-ton sloop. There is nothing in this to show that the difficulty is insurmountable, though the Americans had no sufficient inducement to grapple with it effectually; and our own Admiralty have not yet shown the enterprise or the skill to make the attempt in earnest.

That, in one shape or another, the ships of every great maritime Power will before long manage to carry the heaviest guns that can be built, together with a good stout skin of iron armour, no one outside of the Admiralty can for a moment doubt; and the only question is how this can be done. The idea of attempting to mount guns of twenty tons at ordinary broadside ports, in the same way that the lighter armament of our present ships is carried, is given up on all hands as hopeless. Mr. Reed meets the new condition by concentrating his heavy guns in a fixed battery amidships. Captain Coles prefers the pivot principle, which was always adopted in past times when a ship was intended to be armed with a gun unusually heavy for her tonnage. If the gun is to admit of any training at all, this plan, when combined with defensive armour, implies that the armour must be pivoted too, and these two conditions lead at once to the revolving turret. A third plan, which has not yet passed—and perhaps never may pass—beyond the limit of a paper specification, is Mr. McLaine's still more novel proposal to mount the ship's guns end on, instead of broadside fashion; to give up all attempts to change the direction of the piece; and, in short, to train the ship instead of the gun. No other suggestion has yet been brought forward, and of these Mr. Reed's and Captain Coles' are the only methods of which even the most limited experience has been gained. The ultimate result of a fair comparison of these rival designs might possibly be in favour of the Admiralty plan; but so far as experience has yet gone, Mr. Reed would scarcely claim to have gained the day. With every facility for trying experiments on any scale he pleased, he has not yet succeeded even with 300-pounders. With every conceivable hindrance which could be put in his way, Captain Coles has as yet done everything which he attempted to do. He was only permitted, after years of patient or impatient waiting, to try his hand on a razeed ship; and it has been announced, on the authority of Lord Clarence Paget, that the *Royal Sovereign* was never intended to be anything but a harbour and coasting ship, and that for the purpose for which she was built she is a complete success. It is said, too, that Captain Sherard Osborn—than whom a more competent judge could not have been chosen—went much further than this in his commendation of our only turret ship; but without claiming for the experiment anything more than the Admiralty has admitted, it must be regarded as entirely successful. All the objections which were started as to the impossibility of working the turrets have, after trial, been quietly dropped as untenable; and the practical lesson of the last American engagement proved that, even with vessels and fittings in every way inferior, the mechanical defects discovered in the earlier Monitors had been almost entirely remedied. For years the Admiralty acted on the assumption that even for harbour defence the turret system must prove a failure; yet, when driven at last to put their objections to the test, they find it a

success. Forthwith they fall back on an inner parallel. Just as they had prejudged the harbour ship, they prejudge the cruiser; and because they have always hitherto been wrong in their rejection of novelties, the public is asked to believe that they cannot but be right in saying that the sea-going ship which Captain Coles has not been allowed to build must inevitably have turned out worthless. Even the most distinguished professional opinion is not to be implicitly trusted in a matter of this kind. Nautical experience will teach a man a good deal about the sort of ships with which he has been familiar, but it will not make him an infallible judge of the qualities of a vessel the like of which has never been launched. It would require very cogent reasoning indeed to satisfy any rational man that a scheme which has succeeded so far as it has been put to the test is less worthy of a further trial than a counter project which can scarcely be said to have succeeded at all. The drawings prepared by the Admiralty for Captain Coles may or may not be defective, but we do not believe that the materials exist for enabling any one to anticipate what the result of a trial of a well-designed turret ship would be. Now that the practical difficulties of working the turret are confessedly overcome, it is not easy to guess why a fixed central battery should be less fatal to the sea-going qualities of a ship than a battery which differs from it only in being round instead of square, and movable instead of fixed. If it should prove to be feasible, the rotating turret will have the great advantage of giving vastly more horizontal command to the guns, and enabling the whole armament to be concentrated on one side. It may be impracticable; but until it is tried no one will believe it to be so, merely because it is condemned by the same Board which has successively rejected every other naval invention, and been compelled to reverse its judgment. The object to be gained is of sufficient value to be worth the risk of a possible failure; and whatever resolve the Admiralty may come to on the eve of a general election, it is not difficult to foresee that they will sooner or later be driven to try the turret construction at sea, just as they were compelled, however tardily and reluctantly, to try steam power, Archimedean screws, iron-plating, and big guns.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.—OLD MASTERS.

THE seventeenth century, numerically at least, is dominant in this Exhibition. A few years ago, when the religious masters of the older time first reached a certain popularity in England, the "quattro-centisti" appeared pretty freely on the walls where, in days rather further back, the school of Bologna no doubt shone with a distinction which connoisseurs are now in general less disposed to render to the Carracci or Domenichino. The number of genuine specimens by the great Italians of 1500 is so limited that we cannot expect Raffaele or Correggio every year. Nothing of the kind is visible in 1865, although the liberality which has lent the Marlborough Rubens raises a faint hope that the little-known and most interesting "Holy Family" by Raffaele may in time obtain in London that celebrity which can scarcely be reached by the treasures of Blenheim, "seen, and hardly seen," as Wordsworth has it, by the hasty crowd of holiday visitors or undergraduates more alive to living beauty than to all the charms of the ideal. Art of the other kinds just noticed is also almost absent from the Institution; where, on the other hand, the old favourites of the English collector born in the pre-Ruskin period reign in glory, and triumph, if not always in the excellence, at any rate in the number, of their examples. Claude, Canaletto, Teniers, Berghem, Hobbins, Backhuysen, and Greuze may be all studied here in specimens which will delight those who admire their intelligible aims and their exhibition of technical skill, whilst they may raise amongst the younger generation of visitors a little regret, tempered with a little surprise, that these "easy things to understand" should command their thousands among purchasers who have the whole field of art to choose from. But we have observed no picture by the painters named which makes any special mark in the estimate of their genius; they might furnish an excellent theme for an essay, but not for a criticism; and we pass to the more specifically noticeable pieces exhibited.

Rubens, in each case accompanied by a wife, appears in two pictures (Nos. 1 and 52). The first is not a favourable specimen. We find little of the master's hand; design and colour are instances of that coarse and flaring style which he always found a difficulty in conquering. The other work has long ranked among the gems of Blenheim; and, although it is to be feared that an apparently recent cleaning has inflicted irreparable injury, enough remains of the original to explain its celebrity. The scene, as is well-known through M'Ardell's fine mezzotint, lies in an "ornamented" garden, into which Rubens is leading Helena, *née* Forman, whilst their child goes before, held by a leading-string as thick as a cutter's cable. The lady is drawn and painted with refinement; the little girl seems to take after the father, and is rather clumsy and coarse-featured; but here the evil traces of over-cleaning are painfully visible. As a piece of colour, this picture ranks with Rubens' best. The open-air look (on the figures, less in the sky and garden) is successfully caught; and though the whole has now rather a cold quality, yet in its prime it must have been a noble instance of the way in which a great colourist manages to make splendour out of dark and neutral tints, and to warm his composition by a few "carnations," without obtruding the means on our attention.

One or two of the male heads by Vandyke seem superior to Rubens' own portrait in force and penetration. Probably the most interesting to English visitors will be one of the many pictures to which Charles I., as noticed by Lord Macaulay, owes no small portion of what popularity he may still retain. Though not a piece of work which can be compared with Rembrandt, this head is well put in, and has that peculiar air of melancholy languor—half Oriental, one might call it—which seems to have formed Vandyke's ideal of a king; only the coarse underlip reminds one of James I. The Earl of Portland, in a ruff and black dress, holding the rod of Lord Treasurer, is perhaps the most characteristic-looking of the Vandyke portraits. The column and curtain, so long inevitable accompaniments to the "portrait of a gentleman," have already taken up their familiar station in this work, and indeed reappear too frequently in the long series of Vandyke's graceful though monotonous gallery. There is a sense, as we have before noticed, in which this artist might be named rather one of the first of Royal Academicians than one of the last among the Old Masters; and it is thus that he shows himself in a majority of the well-preserved full-lengths here exhibited, few of which display the painter in one of those intervals of power to which we owe the "Henry, Ninth Earl of Northumberland" at Petworth. An "Assumption," by the same hand, has little commendable but its transparent colouring. It testifies painfully to the factitious character of the Jesuit revival of Roman Catholicism in the Low Countries, as the "Holy Family" by Murillo reveals the unintellectual, the almost animal, phase of the same faith contemporaneously existing in Spain. Two careful but not very pleasing portraits, "An Old Man," and "Lord Baltimore," are by P. de Koning and Mytens. A pair of delicately-wrought heads on one canvas, "Princes Rupert and Maurice," bear the name of Honthorst, and appear to deserve a better place. Our own Dobson's "Montrose" is reddish in the flesh-tones, rather gloomy in the background; the style of the details has some curious points of affinity with the English painting of the last century, even so far down as Morland.

In the North Room may be also noticed two delicately painted interiors by Metz, where our interest must be found rather in the neat execution and good daylight effect than in the subjects; and a Cuypp, irregular in its arrangement (a large Dutch boat filling one half the canvas, a merchant's warehouse the other), but displaying well the peculiar largeness of idea and singleness of aim with which the great brewer grasped certain homely aspects of nature. The faint sunlight on the building is beautifully rendered. Here, too, we have one of the very few Venetian pictures exhibited—a school the absence of which is the more felt among the crowd of Flemish work. The subject of this appears in many forms among the Venetian pictures and prints of the sixteenth century—a youth and two girls sitting in a meadow with musical instruments. There is much grace and some nature in their attitude and expression, and the landscape has that air of genuine study from real scenery which lends a peculiar charm to the art of Venice; anticipating as it does, in a limited way, the bolder and more persistent efforts of our own time. Neither the drawing of the extremities nor of the features, nor the rather thin and blotted colour, appear to warrant the belief that this picture is by Giorgione—a name, like Leonardo's, too often invoked by dealers and collectors at sea how to christen a picture, like parish authorities over a foundling. Palma the Elder, as suggested by Dr. Waagen, or one of the two Campagnolas, as the subject suggests, might be the author. But every new research into the annals of art brings to light fresh names of the "pictores ignoti" to whom works of this class are probably due.

In the Middle Room, a few pictures by the elder masters, Italian and German, jar upon the eye rather painfully in contrast with the later style around. They are well preserved, and exhibit specimens of rare artists, but of unpleasant art; mannered in their grace, or stiff in their severity. After Maestro Margaritone of Arezzo or Antonello of Messina, one feels a sort, we were going to add, of liking for—say rather of acquiescence in—Greuze, with his violet languors and Lesbia-beaming eyes. An excellent-looking boy's portrait, ascribed to Paul Veronese (might Bronzino be suggested?), is, again, hung too high; and near it is a repetition of the famous "Infanta" of the Louvre, which, if really also by Velasquez, certainly deserved a place in sight better than Margaritone or Cosimo di Tura. Archaeology is excellent; but the Institution was formed "for promoting the Fine Arts in the United Kingdom," which have no need to be shown how "not to do it." There are too many specimens of the latter kind here, early and late—witness Guido's "Sleeping Cupid." It must have been a very small gambling debt (according to the story of Guido's later years) which he settled with this picture. A flower and fruit piece, by Fyt, has a manliness and unaffected truth about it without which this style is apt to become insipid. It is an interesting specimen of a rare master. Jan Steen appears in two specimens, both full, in every square inch, of character and humour, and designed in his better and grander manner. The child making pancakes is the best in colour and arrangement; but there are capital points in the second, which depicts the consternation excited in a village inn on discovering the single ale-cask dry, and the house full of drouthy customers:—

Di melius nostris, erroreque hostibus illum!

The South Room contains several fair portraits by Reynolds,

among which three, belonging to Earl Cadogan, are interesting as specimens of the painter's early style. There is a certain timidity or reserve about the expression; the dresses appear treated somewhat minutely in comparison with Reynolds' more familiar manner; and in the execution one sees the mode of painting which he had learned at Rome, or thought he learned, from the study of Correggio, the features being first modelled in cold tints (blue and white), over which the warm glazing, which has now fled, was lightly thrown. Here also are fair specimens of portraiture by Lawrence and Hoppner (the Duke of Wellington and Mrs. Arbuthnot), with two not very attractive poses of Lady Hamilton, and a group of children, by Romney. In the latter, a little girl, throwing her arms above her head, is very animated and natural, although the execution bears about the relation to that of Reynolds which sculpture in freestone bears to sculpture in Carrara marble. Some smaller figure-pieces and landscapes are also noteworthy. We must name Wilkie's "Errand Boy," well-preserved and characteristic, but rather over-painted, and not so true to nature as it looks at first sight; a landscape with a delicately-drawn group by Ibbetson; a girl by Morland (128), a pretty bit of rusticity; and two small portrait-pieces by Hogarth, from the Western family of Rivenhall. These are now low in tone—a common technical failure in this artist's work; but the singular faculty of Hogarth in rendering character and making one feel that his heads are real likenesses is present everywhere, and the truthful delicacy of the furniture and details is what we now rarely see in English art—least of all among those of our domestic incident-painters who appear to aim at continuing Hogarth. Of the two landscapes assigned to Crome, the "Sea-shore" is by far the best. The other, a still piece of water with trees, is finely arranged; but, at least as we now see it, the painting betrays another hand, too heavy and unimaginative for the great Norfolk master. There is also a good specimen of Crome's fellow-countyman, Stark.

The great attraction in this room is, however, predominantly Gainsborough, by whom we have two full-length pieces of portrait, one a lady near middle-life, the other a pair of sisters, each picture endued with that indefinable charm of sentiment—not quite natural, yet perhaps not the less gracious and winning—which something in Gainsborough's mind enabled him always to find or to put into his female sitters. These pictures are as perfect in their cool gradations of green and gray as Reynolds in his warm flush of golden light; and what a refinement Gainsborough has thrown into the sisters' dresses! Through every fold and bordering they seem instinct with girlhood. We have reserved for the close the three pictures which, when this Exhibition has faded back into the private collections whence it has been liberally furnished, will probably, with one or two more already noticed, remain in the memory of its visitors. One is that half-figure of a woman roused from sleep, and putting aside the curtains as she rises, which the arbitrary nomenclature of art has called "Rembrandt's Mistress." Injured as the work is, ugly as are the girl's features, trivial as is the incident, there is no more marked instance of Rembrandt's almost magical power of "making his game" by sheer truth of art to nature—nature who, even in her extreme of homeliness, never "deserts the heart that loves her." One cannot say that Reynolds, even in the "Nymph and Child" and "Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick" which form perhaps the highest charm of this year's Institution, equals Rembrandt in this intense grasp of truth; yet what he reaches by the poetry of fact, Sir Joshua might be said to reach by the poetry of feeling. The "Nymph," as we now see it, must be reckoned amongst the most valuable pieces of his work in existence. We know that he threw all his force into the colour-effects of this girl, half crouched-up as she lies in a rich and fanciful landscape, archly enjoying the delight with which Cupid, too young to mean anything by it, is reconnoitering her lavish beauty; nor are there many works by the painters of Venice (whom Reynolds treats, in his "Lectures," with the coquettish and complimentary disparagements of a lover) which go beyond this masterpiece of his palette in golden glow and mellow fusion. Here the founder of English painting, as painting (for Dobson follows Vandyke, and Hogarth's intention often outruns his palette), is triumphant; yet we think it not likely to be disputed that Reynolds is seen in a more exquisite and characteristic light in the "Gertrude," whom the fanciful Anglo-classicism of that age prettily named "Collina" from the little hill on which the child is standing. One or two weaker points in the drawing are indeed traceable here, and it is possible that the face may have lost something in the cool shadows; yet even the contemporary print, beautiful as it is, does not do full justice to the indescribable suavity and charm of this little figure, which Wordsworth or Tennyson might have selected as the perfect type of arch and innocent childhood:—

A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

The pictures we have last described form a gallery in themselves, and deserve more than one visit, even without regard to the others exhibited. Nor do we often see works which more signally prove the law that an artist's mind, taking the word in its largest sense, is his picture—unwilling as vanity and mere technical skill may be to admit the "thus far, and no farther," which is implied in such a confession.

REVIEWS.

A FRENCH PRECURSOR OF HEGEL.*

A DISCOVERY of a remarkable kind has just thrown a new and unexpected light upon the origin of what has generally been considered one of the most independent and characteristic movements of German thought. In the public library of the town of Poitiers there had lain unnoticed for nearly half a century a manuscript work in two volumes, handsomely bound, and lettered *La Vérité, ou le vrai Système*. These volumes bore no author's name, but merely the date 1775. In the library catalogue they were entered under the name of Dom Mazet, the first librarian after the Revolution. The contents were, it is true, in the handwriting of Dom Mazet, but a note prefixed to the work explained it to be simply a transcript by him from the author's manuscript, and vouched for its faithfulness to the original. In a correspondence inserted at the end of the work the real author is designated by the initials D. D. From the time of their acquisition from the heirs of Dom Mazet in 1817, these volumes remained without attracting attention till last year, when they were brought to the notice of M. Beaussire, a professor at Poitiers, whose further researches enabled him to bring to light, among the archives of the family of Argenson at the Château des Ormes, a volume of letters and fragments, in part the originals of portions of the Poitiers MS. Some of these bore the name *Frère Deschamps, Bénédictin*. From another source turned up a collection of autograph letters from J. J. Rousseau, Voltaire, Helvetius, D'Alembert, and others, addressed in full to "Dom Deschamps, procureur of the Benedictines, at Montreuil-Bellay, near Saumur." Little was previously known of this ecclesiastic. M. Beaussire has ascertained that he was born at Rennes, January the 10th, 1716, and died at Montreuil-Bellay, April the 19th, 1774. The only works he is known to have published are a volume of letters on the "Spirit of the Age," published in London in 1769, and a spirited essay against Baron d'Holbach's *System of Nature*. He had contemplated, and in fact drawn out, a refutation of the system of Spinoza, of which two copies exist in MS. among the archives at Ormes. Of the newly-found work in MS. at Poitiers two volumes have disappeared. The first and second, bound in one, and the fifth, alone remain; but certain fragments in the author's handwriting, entitled *Réflexions Politiques tirées d'un Ouvrage Moral*, go far towards supplying the lacuna. The whole series—the authenticity of which seems open to no kind of doubt—proves for the first time the existence in France of a system, and almost a school, of philosophy, in which were anticipated nearly all the leading ideas and principles which have commonly been supposed to be the pure and absolute emanation of the genius of Hegel.

It is on all accounts most desirable that the full text of so remarkable a literary treasure should be in the possession of the public. For the present, we have nothing to go upon, in forming an estimate of its bearing upon the history of thought in the last century, but the analysis briefly but lucidly drawn out by M. Beaussire. It may be thought strange that the phenomenon of a free-thinking monk remaining true to the traditions of his order, and to all appearance sincere in the routine of his professional duties—keeping up a fire of letters, partly polemical, partly familiar, with the leading philosophers of his age, and able to throw out sparks of original and independent thought which we may now safely trace in their effects upon the speculations of a whole century—should have passed into so total an oblivion. This effect is to be traced in part, no doubt, to the slight and fragmentary nature of his published essays in philosophy, but still more to the jealousy and antagonism with which his advances were regarded by the then existing leaders of thought in France, added to the circumstance that his system, in its method and primary ideas, must have seemed far more akin to a German than to a French tone of thought, and too little in keeping with all the mental tendencies then current in his own country. In the face of the prevailing worship of nature, and contempt for metaphysics, typified by the celebrated *mot* of Voltaire—"Quand celui à qui l'on parle ne comprend pas, et celui qui parle ne se comprend pas, c'est de la métaphysique"—it was not easy to raise the mind of the age to the lofty metaphysical pitch in which this French Benedictine proclaimed from the solitude of his cell the supremacy of a true metaphysical method over all particular and special departments of science, whether in mind or matter. "The office of philosophy," declared Dom Deschamps, "is to generalize every generalization. It tends towards the universal, alike in logic, in morals, in jurisprudence; and never would reach this end were it confined to the mere facts and inductions of physics or psychology, were it not permitted to seek its basis in pure reason, establishing itself at this supreme point by the aid of metaphysical conceptions." His line of argument addresses itself to our modern Positivists no less than to the empiricists of his time. His aim is in effect to force once more a sense of the necessity of metaphysics upon those adherents of Positivism who admit none but experimental truths, the facts or phenomena of nature and the senses. Whence, he would have them say, are obtained those universal propositions which transcend all the generalizations of experience, and which are, notwithstanding, accepted and reasoned upon by all? Who are, in

truth, more constant or more bold in reasoning from such propositions than those who are for ever crying out against metaphysics? Is it not in their writings that we see laid down most habitually as first principles the unity and eternity of nature, and the fundamental unity of species, including that of the human race? Why, they are more dull, playfully exclaims Dom Deschamps, than the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* himself, who at all events did not deny the existence of the prose that he found himself talking. Such people would scout metaphysics as dealing with nothing but abstractions; yet does not everything ultimately end in abstractions—every science, every operation of the senses no less than of the mind?

By a series of reductions to an abstract basis of this kind, Dom Deschamps eventually brings his philosophy to a point absolutely identical with that subsequently laid down as the sum and substance of the dialectics of Hegel—the doctrine of the Idea as the centre of all things, the *tout universel*, the *punctum saliens* round which and out of which the universe has developed itself. The very formulas which seem so fantastic and so obscure in the mouth of the German metaphysician find their complete anticipation in the dialect of his French precursor:—

J'entends, dit-il, par le tout, le tout de l'univers, la matière, le monde. L'être un par les êtres en nombre qui le composent, l'existence considérée par rapport, le principe et le terme, le commencement et la fin, la cause et l'effet, le mouvement et le repos, le plein et le vide, le bien et le mal, l'ordre et le désordre, etc.; et j'entends par tout l'existence en soi, l'existence par elle-même, l'existence qu'on ne distingue plus alors des êtres, comme étant l'être unique et conséquemment sans rapport. Le tout et tout n'ont qu'une existence idéale, pour le dire ici; mais cette existence est de leur essence, et ils n'en sont pas moins l'existence.

German philosophy, it is well known, since the time of Kant, recognises two primary faculties in the mind of man—those of *Verstand* and *Vernunft*—the faculty of judgment and the faculty of ideas—the former restricted by the limits of experience, the latter transcending experience. The first is termed personal, the second impersonal, reason. Kant, however, while laying down this primary distinction, sees in the faculty of ideas only a regulative principle, granting to it no power or authority for the direct theoretical knowledge of truth, but merely the capacity for practical consciousness, or the knowledge of the moral law. It was only with Schelling and Hegel that this faculty obtained its formal recognition, being by them identified with complete "universal reason," or rather with "universal being." The same distinction is met with in the system of Dom Deschamps. What by the Germans is termed *Vernunft*, and by us generally "reason," is with him *l'entendement*. The term *intelligence* he reserves for the individual mind, for the faculty of judgment as applied to the knowledge of particulars; in a word, for *Verstand*. *Intelligence* belongs to man, *entendement* belongs to Being; that is, to "Being in itself"—*être en soi*, *Seyn an sich*. Refusing to it all characteristics of personality, Dom Deschamps identifies it with universal being; in other words, with God. This idea, so entirely at one with the pantheism of Hegel, is not, indeed, a new one, or one wholly at variance with received and orthodox theology. "Where," asks Fenelon, echoing herein the doctrine and the language of the Platonists and mystics of all time, "is that perfect reason which is so near to me, and yet so wholly distant from me?" *Où est-elle cette raison suprême? N'est-elle pas le Dieu que je cherche?* Thought, being, God, matter and mind—the *étendue intelligible* of Malebranche—physical and metaphysical existence, become expressions for one and the same reality in the pre-Hegelian idealism of Dom Deschamps.

Nor is the famous synthesis of contradictories, so characteristic of the Hegelian logic, without its exact counterpart in the dialectics of Dom Deschamps. In advance of the German philosopher, he it was who first enunciated what has since been so often decried as the crowning absurdity of metaphysics. It is no longer to a Teutonic source, but to that country where it has been hailed with especial derision as a cobweb of the German brain, that we are henceforth to attribute the seeming paradox that Being and Nothing are one. It is expressly enunciated in the last proposition of a *Précis en quatre thèses du mot de l'énigme métaphysique*, and developed at length in later passages of his essay:—

THÈSE IV.—*Tout, qui ne dit point de parties, existe et est inséparable du tout, qui dit des parties, et dont il est l'affirmation et la négation tout à la fois. Tout et le tout sont les deux mots de l'énigme de l'existence, mots que le cri de la vérité a distingués en les mettant dans notre langage. Tout et rien sont la même chose.*

In his philosophy of nature we find Dom Deschamps dwelling with the same persistence as Hegel upon the subordination of facts to ideas as the basis of knowledge. All that is truly real resolves itself ultimately into the *Idea*. *Tout ce qui est réel est rationnel, tout ce qui rationnel est réel*, is the formula of both. In the universal All are bound up the ideas of unity, of progress, of continuity and identity of laws—as well the law of development of species more recently drawn out by Darwin, as that of the conservation and correlation of forces now laid down as the basis of modern physics. The chain of being extends with him "from the mineral to the vegetable, from the vegetable to the animal, including man," as the mental and moral forces run through the successive phases of historical development, the individual and the race alike moving on towards perfection according to the law of its being.

More rigorously logical than his successor, Dom Deschamps has no scruple in banishing from his system of morals the idea of liberty, which Hegel strove to retain by identifying it with the idea of pure reason, and by distinguishing between the world of nature and the world of spirit, the law of necessity being absolute in each only after a mode of its own. "Freedom," argues our pre-Hegelian,

* *Antécédents de l'Hégélianisme dans la Philosophie Française. Dom Deschamps, son Système et son Ecole.* Par Émile Beaussire, Professeur à la Faculté des Lettres de Poitiers. Paris: Germer-Baillière. 1865.

"is a word which expresses simply that which seems to us less necessary in degree, that which we blindly fancy independent of external objects." But there is no real escape, in his view, from such outward conditions. "Indépendamment de cette action, qui a toujours lieu plus ou moins, il y a celle de nos parties sur nos parties, de nos fibres sur nos fibres; et cette action, quelque déliée qu'elle puisse être, quelque cachée qu'elle soit à nos yeux, nous nécessite également que l'autre." Without freedom there is, of course, no morality in the true sense of the word. And with the distinctions between being and nothing, God and man, had disappeared also from the scheme of our Benedictine, as from that of Hegel, the distinctions of right and wrong, good and evil. Communism in property, and in women as a part of property, he drew, like all ultra-idealists, from Plato. In this department it is that the dangerous tendencies of these theories, which might interest or amuse the historical student as mere matter of speculation, or as a vagary of acute and learned brains, have more particularly made themselves manifest. As a system of pure philosophy Hegelianism has passed away. It already belongs to history. Like Saturn, it has been devoured by its own children. But in politics and in ethics it has left a seed behind it which has germinated in a fruitful crop of sorrows to Europe. Dying out harmlessly in one direction in the selfish nihilism of Schopenhauer, it has in others entered upon newer phases in the negative theologies of Strauss and Baur, Feuerbach and Renan, in the communism of Proudhon, Fourier, and the Phalansterians, and in the revolutionary excesses of Paris and Berlin. It may be thought strange to attempt to trace what seem on the surface mere popular outbreaks to the influence of an abstract and abstruse system of metaphysics. But it is demonstrable that what was effected by Voltaire as regards the first French Revolution was no less effected for the risings of 1848 by the idealist and utopian theories which were diffused under the inspiration of Hegel. That the latter ideas had a real and intimate affinity for the mind of France, however much it has been the fashion to assume the contrary, is sufficiently proved by the fact of their attaining that influence. We need have no doubt upon this point now that we are able to assign their true filiation. Those who strive to disseminate these ideas upon French soil are but bringing them back to the land of their birth. We may not envy them the acquisition, but at least we can assign to each country its own.

It will be interesting to see what impression will be made by this discovery upon the minds of the countrymen of Hegel. For ourselves, we are only concerned to take note of what forms a new and startling chapter in the history of philosophy. Those among us who still linger in admiring wonder before the impenetrable mystery of Hegel will do well to take a backward step in history, and study the ideas and dogmas of that most obscure even of Teutonic oracles at their original shrine, to quench their metaphysical thirst with the waters of thought as they well forth clear and fresh from the brain of a Frenchman, unmixed with the turbid stream of German intellect. Whatever any of us may think of the value of Hegelianism in itself—whether we see in it an air from Heaven or a blast from Hell, whether we hail in it the regenerator of our race, or stigmatize it as Pantheism, Communism, or Atheism, veiled or undisguised—we can at least trace it to its infancy. At which extreme soever of the intellectual or ethical scale we may place its reputed founder, be he the prince of thinkers or the arch-sophist, we have learnt to look for the real author of this *Athisme éclairé* (to use his own words) not under the robe of the philosopher, but under the cowl of a Benedictine monk. Whether these ideas were in turn spontaneously engendered in Germany, or transplanted thither from France, is a question which we can hardly perhaps dispose of at once. Before the end of the last century, however, at all events, there was a free and habitual exchange of ideas between the two countries. One of the handful of converts made by Dom Deschamps to his peculiar system of ideas, his friend and patron the Marquis de Voyer, had estates in Alsace, which he frequently visited. Alsace was then, as now, as much a German as a French province. The University of Strasburg counted then a little knot of students from all parts of Germany. Fifteen years after the death of Dom Deschamps broke out the revolution in France, the tide of emigration setting more particularly in the direction of Germany. An *émigré* it was who first brought home to his native country the system of Kant. What, then, more likely than that through some similar medium the metaphysics of Montreuil-Bellay should have found an entrance into Germany, and, even without the consciousness of the mind into which they struck a congenial root, have blended with the germs of his native training to form the more complex and wide-spreading growth which we see in the doctrines of Hegel?

JEMMY AND JENNY JESSAMY.*

IN the preface or introduction to one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, an old lady is represented discoursing with the author, and expressing her admiration of some previous production of his brain. The novel she commends is, in her opinion, the best that was ever written, except the *History of Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy*. As for that immortal history, it was an ideal of perfection, never to be equalled in this defective world. Mankind had only to wonder that such excellence had ever been presented in a visible shape. Unless memory is very treacherous, we once in early youth saw

on the walls of some country inn or lodging-house two coloured prints, respectively representing a young gentleman and lady in old-fashioned costume, and purporting to be Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy. We are even inclined to recollect that in those works of art an attempt was made to combine the effects of painting and sculpture by an extremely simple process not uncommon in the last century. The coloured figures were carefully cut out and pasted upon a black ground, but one of the arms was purposely left destitute of the adhesive material, and allowed to project forwards. If the figure was that of a lady, and the unstuck hand held a nosegay, the effect was considered by competent judges to be pretty and natural. What an instructive paper, by the way, might be written on the successive ornaments that have decorated the walls and mantelpieces of the less opulent classes during (say) the last hundred years! The record would be of quaint designs in worsted, of violently-coloured myzzotints traceable to the now forgotten establishment of Messrs. Bowles and Carver in St. Paul's Churchyard, of horrid waxwork groups on scriptural subjects, of black velvet used as an imitation of the feline coat, of elder-pith and minute rolls of paper applied to the adornment of various unserviceable boxes—all objects that belonged to a past generation, and can never return save through a retrogression in taste that is scarcely to be considered possible.

Such a thing of the past is the *History of Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy*, which, as we have seen, was most famous in its day. When a book, or an actor, or an event becomes the subject of a casual reference or of a cheap print, and that in an age when there are no illustrated newspapers hungering after appropriate topics, we may be assured that it was familiar to a very large number of persons, and that the knowledge of it was by no means confined to those of superior culture. We may assume that Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy were characters known to that large class of the public which in the last century certainly did not read much. That to the ears of many of our readers the names of the interesting couple will have something of a familiar ring, we are inclined to believe. Still more strong is our opinion that the whole body of those who know of them any more than their names might easily be accommodated in a china-closet of moderate dimensions. Nay, having carefully, and with no small effort, read through the novel, we are ready to confess a certain complacent satisfaction at the circumstance that we are in possession of a modicum of erudition vouchsafed to almost none of our fellow-creatures. We feel that it is simply a moral restraint which prevents us from indulging in the most reckless mendacity while describing Mrs. Eliza Haywood's work, and that if we refrain from saying, for example, that Jemmy Jessamy is King James II., and Jenny Jessamy the Duchess of Marlborough in disguise, we are governed wholly by regard for truth, and not by any fear of detection in falsehood.

There is something very misleading both in the title of the novel and in the fact of its former popularity. There is a sort of affinity between the words "Jessamy" and "Jessamine" (or Jasmine), and there is a homely Anglicism in the "Jemmy" and the "Jenny," that lead one to expect a tale of pastoral love in which the insipidity of the ordinary Damon and Phyllis will be rendered additionally nauseous by an infusion of home-grown sentimentality. No one can be more fluent than your genuine Britisher in twaddling about the innocence of rural life. With this hypothesis deduced from the title-page of the book, the ingenious speculator may account for the rise and fall of the Jessamy mania. Once people liked stories about well-bred rustics who talked a great deal of highflown stuff, but they have long ceased to relish incitements of the sort. Jenny Jessamy was some village maiden, dishonourably courted by some wicked squire, who cruelly persecuted her proper lover, Jemmy. At last virtue triumphed, the squire was overthrown, and very probably Jemmy turned out to be the lawful owner of his wrongly-held estate. All very well in its time, but folks like something different now. Since the days of the old-fashioned romances they have been well fed with historical fictions, and, having become tired of them in their turn, have comfortably settled into a contemplation of modern actual life, viewed, just at present, under somewhat stormy aspects.

So much more plausible does this hypothesis look than many serious historical theories, that one feels a regret in demolishing it utterly with the declaration that never was a book less sentimental, less pastoral, or less obviously addressed to any transient caprice of the reading world than this same story of *Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy*. The young gentleman is heir to a large estate, and has been duly educated at Eton and Oxford. The young lady, a distant cousin, is daughter of a wealthy merchant, and grows up a model of high-bred propriety. The respective parents of Jemmy and Jenny destine them for each other, and die, leaving them in a state of complete independence at an early age. They are expected by their acquaintance to marry immediately, but several instances of domestic unhappiness which come under their immediate notice determine them not to be too precipitate, Jenny being the leader on the road of wisdom. "Every one," says that sage young maiden, "before they engage in marriage, should be well versed in all those things, whatever they are, which constitute the happiness of it; this town is an ample school, and both of us have acquaintance enough in it to learn, from the mistakes of others, how to regulate our own conduct and passions so as not to be laughed at ourselves for what we laugh at in them." For these remarks she is well rewarded by Jemmy with the exclamation, "Spoken like a *philosophess*!" The

* The *History of Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy*. By Mrs. Haywood.

instances of conjugal discomfort form the subjects of short episodes, the authoress throughout adopting the method which we find employed by Cervantes, Scarron, Le Sage, Fielding, Smollett, &c., of interweaving the main story with others sometimes scarcely connected with it. Generally the incidents narrated are not of a very exciting kind, though they sometimes illustrate a lax state of society. Here a married gentleman of distinction has a mistress in every respect inferior to his own wife; there a married lady of quality pays her gaming debts at the expense of her honour. More eccentric than these is a certain Lady Fisk, who "went to Covent Garden in man's clothes, picked up a woman of the town, and was severely beaten by her on the discovery of her sex." But the prevailing tone of the book is decidedly grave and moral, and, though there is more plain-speaking than at the present day, it is quite obvious that the authoress is never intentionally licentious.

When Jemmy and Jenny have wisely resolved to prepare themselves for the marriage state, they are separated for some time, Jenny going to Bath with some friends of rank and position, whose mild adventures help to swell out the volumes, and Jemmy, through some business engagement, being constantly hindered from joining her. Though the young gentleman is somewhat of a libertine, and apt to indulge in transient amours, he never thinks of breaking his engagement with his dear Jenny, who, on her side, never indulges in jealousy. Her virtue, indeed, while of the purest quality, is at the same time of that robust kind that does not depend on innocence, and at little more than twenty years of age she can perfectly distinguish between the similes peccadilloes of male unmarried youth and those aberrations that are likely to result in a breach of promise of marriage. The following little speech which she makes on one occasion to her Jemmy illustrates with singular plainness her general views on the subject of masculine constancy:—

"Make no vows on this last head (fidelity) I beseech you. I have heard people much older and more experienced than ourselves say that the soonest way to do a thing is to resolve against it. Besides, my dear Jemmy," added she with the most engaging sprightliness, "I shall not be so unreasonable to expect more constancy from you than human nature and your constitution will allow; and if you are as good as you can, may very well content myself with your endeavours to be better."

The only serious obstacle to the happiness of these very rational lovers arises through the machinations of Bellpine, a false friend of Jemmy's, who, having become enamoured of Jenny and her fortune, vainly tries to make Jemmy fall seriously in love with a certain Miss Chit, famed for the excellence of her singing, but is more successful in spreading a report of Jemmy's serious inconstancy which reaches the ears of Jenny. When the machinations of Bellpine are discovered, he is so terribly mauled by the injured Jemmy, in single combat, that his life is despaired of, and the avenger flies to France to escape the consequences of too successful duelling. However, the wounded man recovers; Jenny, going as one of a wedding-party to Paris, joins the disconsolate Jemmy, and brings him back safe and sound to marry her in the "Abbey Church of Westminster."

There is the whole story—that is to say, the main story, stripped of its details and ramifications. That in itself it is not "sensational," will be at once perceived; let us hasten to state that nothing whatever is done to make it so. The personages part, meet again, flirt, quarrel, faint, and fall into each other's arms; but, do what they will, they no more lay claim to our sympathies than would a set of well-dressed and cleverly-managed puppets in a Fantoccini. We are told a great deal about love and hatred, but we never see them expressed. Of the art of representing an emotion, so as to kindle something corresponding in the mind of any reader of the present day, the authoress has not the slightest notion; and even when a passion is declared by one of the principal characters, we are convinced that the speaker is less concerned about his heart than about the rounding of his periods, though these are not very well rounded after all. Nor is any appeal made to the appreciation of wit and repartee, as in the writings of Congreve, and other heartless hierarchs of a peculiar worship of intellect. In the whole compass of three good-sized volumes there is not a smart saying that one would care to record as a specimen of superficial brilliancy.

At humour or at delineation of character no attempt is made. The personages all belong to the highest ranks of a very artificial society, lounge through their time in London and Bath, amuse one another with elaborate gallantries, and indulge in copious but not reckless verbosity. More pains are taken with Jenny's character than with that of the others, but she is such a mere incarnation of the views entertained by the authoress that her speeches are scarcely to be distinguished from the moral exordia which are uttered by Mrs. Eliza Haywood, in her own person, at the commencement of many chapters.

Some of the personages, void of individuality as they all are, were possibly intended to adumbrate well-known realities of the day. Miss Chit, who attracts all the fashionable world by her excellent singing, and is supposed to have a father of higher station than her ostensible parent; Celandrine, a cowardly lady-killer, who ignominiously refuses a challenge at a period when a recognition of the old code of honour was implied in social morality; Lady Fisk, who gets into street rows—these might perhaps have been recognised by the readers of the middle of the last century as persons whose follies and vices were the subject of common talk. In her early days, Mrs. Haywood, who seems to have been born somewhere about 1693, and died in 1756, formed herself upon the more celebrated Mrs. Manley, and wrote two books—

entitled the *Court of Carimania*, and the *New Utopia*—which owed their popularity to the quantity of scandal they contained, and caused Pope to bestow upon their authoress a few coarse lines in the *Dunciad*, which, whatever might have been the provocation, were most disgraceful to the poet. When she wrote her later works, of which *Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy* attained the greatest celebrity, she had become a reformed character, and a most ostentatious preacher of such morality as was current at the time. But there is no reason to assume that she entirely left off her old habits, and altogether forbade herself the pleasure of writing a little harmless unobtrusive scandal at the expense of her acquaintance. If the cap did not fit, no harm was done; if it did, the reader was to be blamed for putting it on.

But what will most strike a modern thinker is the tone of wisdom in which Mrs. Haywood utters her ethical platitudes. It is hard to conceive the degree of naïveté with which both writer and reader must have been endowed when passages like the following were considered instructive:—

Youth, beauty, and wit have deservedly a very powerful influence on the human heart; and every day's experience obliges us to own that wealth, without the aid of any of these, is of itself sufficient to captivate: it supplies all other defects; it smooths the wrinkles of fourscore; it shapes deformity into comeliness, and gives graces to idiotism itself; as it is said by the immortal Shakespeare:—

Gold! yellow glittering precious gold!
Gold! that will make black white; foul fair; wrong right;
Base noble; old young; towards valiant.

But when the gifts of nature are joined with those of fortune, how strong is the attraction! How irresistible is the force of such united charms! According to the words of the humorous poet—

Hence 'tis no lover has the pow'r
To enforce a desperate amour,
As he who has two strings to 's bow,
And burns for love and money too.

We ought not, therefore, methinks, to judge with too much severity on the vanity of a fine lady; who seeing herself perpetually surrounded with a crowd of lovers, each endeavouring to excel all his rivals in the most extravagant demonstrations of affection, can hardly believe she deserves not some part at least of the admiration she receives. But what pretence soever we may make to excuse the weakness of exulting in a multiplicity of lovers, it is still a weakness, which all imaginable care ought to be taken to subdue; as it may draw on the most fatal consequences both on the admirers and admired.

All this is sound and charitable enough, but one could scarcely find a more perfect specimen of the grave kind of twaddle. Let a fluent writer once choose his moral theory, and he may cover as many pages as there are lines in the above with a specious exhibition of wisdom that will scarcely require the most moderate expenditure of thought. The quotations from Shakespeare and Butler are singularly illustrative of the period at which the book was written. The old pedantic habit of overloading a text with citations from Greek and Latin authors crudely massed together, after the manner of Burton, had passed away, but far more celebrated writers than Mrs. Haywood show us that people in the middle of the last century had not learned clearly to distinguish between illustration and proof. If the fair Eliza can back up an opinion, which none but a lunatic would think of contradicting, with a distich from that great master of the human heart, Mr. Dryden, or with half a dozen lines from Cowley, "who was certainly as great a judge of love as was Ovid himself," she feels that she has made assurance doubly sure.

With all the peculiarities which will seem so strange to a modern reader, the *History of Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy* is by no means a contemptible book. The story is skilfully constructed, without sacrifice of probability, or recourse to claptrap of any kind; and if it never excites, it never becomes wholly devoid of interest. Moreover, it would be hard to find a more perfect specimen of that satisfaction with a thoroughly worldly and semi-Pagan morality which at a later period earned for the eighteenth century the epithet "Godless," than in the rules of life laid down in the course of this once famous novel.

ULRIC OF WIRTEMBERG.*

DR. BERNHARD KUGLER, whose interesting monograph on the stormy career of Duke Ulric of Wirtemberg we have already briefly introduced to the notice of our readers, recalls an observation of Charles James Fox which is probably more frequently cited at Stuttgart and Tübingen than amongst ourselves. Fox is said to have declared that he only knew of two Constitutions in Europe—that of Great Britain and that of Wirtemberg. Since the days from which the saying dates, constitutions have cropped up ready-made in most States of Western Europe; and in Wirtemberg itself the modern has to a great extent superseded the ancient form. Yet there is no doubt that the history of the latter—of its gradual rise and development, and of the persistent struggles of its champions from the days of the Reformation to those of Moser and the other political heroes of Schiller's youth—deserves a prominent place in any treatise on European Politics laying claim to completeness. Dr. Kugler's publication is, however, too limited in its scope and too purely biographical in its design to supply a basis for an inquiry of this kind. Duke Ulric is entitled to a place in the history of the constitutional development of Wirtemberg by virtue of having been the earliest stumbling-block in its path; but Dr. Kugler has only incidentally

* *Ulrich Herzog zu Wirtemberg.* Von Dr. Bernhard Kugler. Stuttgart: 1865.

introduced this phase of his government, and is rather desirous of drawing a picture of the man and his life than of dwelling upon the bearing and influence of his measures upon the subsequent history of his country.

For a wider circle of readers than those whose patriotic feelings give them a special interest in the memories of the Ulrics and Eberhards made famous by Uhland's sturdy muse, this biography is worth notice in one particular point of view. Duke Ulric of Wirtemberg was at first the pupil, and then the obstinate opponent, of the House of Austria; and his relations towards it reflect with great clearness the policy by which the Hapsburgs endeavoured to increase the circle of their domestic, while they in the end definitively destroyed the strength of their Imperial power. Ulric, almost unconsciously, became the champion of the sovereign rights of the German princes as opposed to the growing encroachments of the House of Austria—rights in which he and they were resolved to hold included the *jus reformandi*, i.e. the right of establishing in their States the form of religion which they had personally adopted. The members of the Smalcaldic League did not, any more than the Protestants of the Thirty Years' War, struggle and fight for religious liberty in our sense of the term; but it was notwithstanding by their efforts that the first step towards the establishment of that religious liberty was gained—namely, the overthrow of the principle of Catholic unity. Less sagacious than Philip of Hesse, less successful than Maurice of Saxony, Duke Ulric, whose memory is associated with that of many errors and at least one crime, is yet entitled to a place among the worthies of his age. That age is barren indeed in examples of lofty and unselfish heroism, but fruitful in characters so far entitled to the grateful recognition of posterity that, to the extent to which they understood the tasks and dangers of their epoch, they neither shrank from the one nor quailed before the other.

When, towards the end of the fifteenth century, there seemed a great probability of the House of the Counts of Wirtemberg dying out, a transparent attempt was made by the Emperor to turn the event, if it should occur, to the advantage of his family. At the Diet of Worms, in 1495, Maximilian offered to create Wirtemberg a Duchy and an hereditary male fief of the Imperial Crown, to which it would, as a matter of course, escheat in default of male heirs. Count Eberhard of Wirtemberg, however, succeeded in securing a clause defeating this expectation on the part of Austria, and left the Duchy to his successor unfettered by any conditions as to its future. Eberhard II. was involved in a series of quarrels with his Estates, which ended in his resignation, and the establishment of a Provisional Government during the minority of Ulric, the last scion of the House. Upon him Maximilian exercised all his well-known personal attractions, eager to secure the devotion of one whom it is difficult to believe he had not resolved, sooner or later, to despoil. The youthful Duke, established in the exercise of his sovereign powers by the hand of the Emperor, and in defiance of a previous agreement with the Wirtemberg Estates, at first was a willing follower of his Imperial patron, whom he supported in his campaigns against the Palatinate and against France, acquiring an increase of territory as his reward. His time seemed to be divided between royal service in these campaigns and the pleasures of his Court, which, like those of the Emperor Ferdinand II., were curiously compounded of the delights of music and of the chase.

But it was not long before Ulric began to show signs of that resolute independence of spirit and policy which was destined decisively and fatally to mark his subsequent career. In the spring of 1514 a peasants' revolt broke out in his dominions, one of the many precursors of a movement which, fed by the communistic dreams of the extreme Reformers and Anabaptists, afterwards shook the social and political system of Germany to its very base. He put it down after making his peace with his Estates, which at first seemed willing to avail themselves of the revolt to support their claims. Maximilian, however, having interposed as mediator, the Tübingen settlement seemed likely finally to adjust matters in a sense favourable to the claims of the Estates and a close adherence to Austria, when a deed of personal violence on the part of the Duke interposed a breach between him and his nobility which was not to be filled up again during the whole of his life. Of this breach Austria was not slow to take advantage, and it was in resistance to this combination that Ulric spent the turbulent remainder of his existence.

Ulric's marriage was the root of all his misfortunes. It is impossible to determine, and accordingly idle to inquire, on which side the fault originally lay. The Duchess Sabina, by birth a Bavarian princess, is not conspicuous among the ladies of her age for any of those feminine virtues which might attach a romantic sympathy to her memory. Masculine energy and promptitude of action she possessed in no common degree, but it was against her husband that she employed these qualities. We abstain from repeating the epithets which Ulric is said to have applied to his spouse, and which recall the language in which Henry VIII. indulged in reference to one of his wives least favoured by nature and himself. Ulric became enamoured of the lady of his Master of the Horse, and after in vain attempting, even by suppliant entreaties, to persuade the latter to resign her to his prince, cut matters short by murdering the obstinate husband with his own hand. The bloody deed was not slow in bearing its appropriate fruit. The murdered man belonged to the noble house of the Huttens, whose illustrious scion, Ulric von Hutten, subsequently consigned to literary infamy the name of the tyrant who had slain,

because he could not dishonour, his yassal; and the whole nobility, ever ready to regard the Duke with eyes of suspicion and disfavour, resented the insult. Like most guilty men, Ulric completely lost his head, and hurried to the Court of the Emperor, to secure his favour in any event. Maximilian, whose virtue had method in it, received him with open arms, in the hope of turning this opportunity to the account of his own designs. Meanwhile, the Estates, in union with the insulted Duchess, assumed the most threatening attitude against the absent Duke. Hurrying home, the latter endeavoured to conciliate the nobility and the towns, but sternly bade his wife return to his Court from her retirement at Urach. She responded by flying the country, in the company of one Dietrich Spät, a powerful noble and close friend of the Huttens, and of other sworn enemies of the Duke. She threw herself upon the aid of her relatives, the Bavarian Dukes; and the latter, ancient enemies and rivals of Wirtemberg, loudly pressed the Emperor to make war upon Ulric.

In this emergency the conduct of the Wirtemberg Estates was patriotic, for they refused to listen to Sabina's representations, and declared their loyal adhesion to their sovereign. It was probably this loyalty on their part which caused the Emperor Maximilian, in whose policy it is impossible to recognise a trace of that chivalry for which he enjoys a doubtful fame, to incline to the Bavarian side of the dispute. He summoned the Duke before his Imperial Court at Augsburg, but Ulric wisely contented himself with sending an embassy. To this embassy Maximilian proposed an arrangement, by which the Government of Wirtemberg was during the next six years to be carried on by a commission of ten notables, including an Imperial commissary, the Duke meanwhile taking up his residence abroad. A compensation in money was to be paid to the Huttens, and Sabina was to be permitted to return freely to Wirtemberg. When the ambassadors declined to entertain this insidious proposal, Maximilian offered them, as the only alternative, the outlawry of their Sovereign.

It was now that the latter, in resolving to resist the demands of the Emperor—the real character and objects of whose policy had at last been laid bare—suddenly found himself a popular hero. The very peasantry which had once met with such stern measure at his hands became his faithful adherents. His popular manners and personal kindness—of which Dr. Kugler instances several traits—endeared him to a class which is rarely logical in the placing of its sympathies and antipathies; and which was now ready to attribute all the blame of its wrongs to the Estates, and to support its hereditary prince in his resistance against the “iniquitous decision of a partial Emperor.” The latter in vain launched his reserved thunderbolt of outlawry. The effect of a *Reichsacht*, as of a Papal excommunication, depended very much on the pikes and muskets upon which it could fall back. In this case they were not in readiness. The bold front maintained by Ulric was alone sufficient to dispel the approaching danger, for no one was found ready to take upon himself the execution of the Imperial decree against a prince secure in the support of his people. In the end Maximilian was found ready to resume negotiations, and a settlement was effected by which the arrangement originally proposed by him was considerably modified in favour of the Duke, who was to remain in the country and take part in the selection of the Commissioners. The powers of the latter remained a dead letter, and Ulric soon recovered absolute power in his dominions. It cannot be said that he used it with the moderation which he had promised to observe; but though the violent revenge which he took upon Dietrich Spät and others of his enemies roused the aged Maximilian to such a height of indignation as to make him call upon the Suabian League to declare war upon Ulric, and to send forth a second decree of outlawry against him, the Duke, by maintaining a resolute attitude, and constantly holding his troops in readiness, preserved his country intact from invasion. The death of the Emperor Maximilian encouraged the Duke to seize upon the important Imperial city of Reutlingen, and to incorporate it with his Duchy; and he was generally looked upon as one of the most important supporters of Francis of France, the rival claimant with Charles of Spain for the succession to the Imperial Crown.

Of this support, however, the House of Austria was fully determined definitively to deprive the French King. The Suabian League—of which the city of Reutlingen had been a member—was at last induced to declare war against Wirtemberg; and an army of 20,000 men, under Frundsberg, the celebrated *condottiere*, was assembled at Ulm, while another, under Sickingen, a captain of almost equal renown, approached from the north-west to crush the self-willed Duke. He had hoped to be able to oppose to them a successful resistance, by means of a large body of Swiss mercenaries; but the Swiss Government, fearful of consequences, suddenly forbade their remaining in his pay. Thus he was reduced to the forces of his own little country, amounting in all to no more than 13,000 men. With these it at first seemed as if he were ready to venture upon resistance, but at the last moment his courage failed him against the odds to which he was opposed; he fled the land, his troops dispersed, and the country, after a feeble resistance, fell into the hands of the enemy. After the usual fashion of neighbours, the Bavarians took the lead in plundering and ill-treating the inhabitants, while the neighbouring nobles seized the opportunity of the invasion to occupy large portions of Wirtemberg territory. An attempt of Ulric to repossess himself of his Duchy, by a sudden *coup-de-main*, was only temporarily successful; and, after he had again been forced to

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fly, resulted in an increase of suffering among his unfortunate subjects.

The new Emperor, Charles V., now deemed it time to drop the mask, and, by an Imperial rescript from Spain, claimed all the ducal possessions as his own. Austrian councillors arrived to impose the oath of allegiance upon all Wirtembergers, while the Estates were won over to the new Government by a confirmation of all the concessions of the Tübingen treaty. They were admitted to a share in the settlement of the annual Budget; and it is thus that from this period of foreign occupation the Constitution of Wirtemberg dates, if not its actual, at all events its virtual foundation. But meanwhile the bulk of the people, whose instincts are not always satisfied by constitutional progress, and whose feelings are generally determined by personal considerations, remained true to their legitimate Sovereign. Ulric had never been so popular as when he was, as now, an exile; and, as is not uncommon with idols of the populace, his name soon became surrounded with a halo of mysterious stories. He came to be known under the name of "the man of the Twiel"—i.e. the Hohentwiel, a mountain castle which he yet retained on his native soil, and where he ever and anon reappeared among his friends. Meanwhile he was busily engaged in collecting troops in Switzerland, with which, and a rapid levy of peasant volunteers, he made two successive attempts to regain his throne. The first was summarily beaten back, but the "red villain," as his enemies called him from the colour of his hair, in a few years reappeared, his incursion being this time supported by a general rising of the Wirtemberg peasantry. The battle of Büblingen scattered the latter to the winds, and the Duchy seemed more inalienably than ever in the clutches of the Austrians. A movement of a different kind was destined once more to turn the scale against them.

The Reformation had, at the end of the first decennium of its existence, made rapid strides in the Empire. Among its champions none was more prominent, both by his zeal and his ability, than Landgrave Philip of Hesse. This prince clearly perceived how the Emperor, elated by his complete victory over France at Pavia, was preparing to crush with an iron hand the independence of those princes who, like himself, were determined to have a policy and a religion of their own choice. In the fugitive Duke of Wirtemberg he recognised an important ally, already predisposed to a warm adherence to the doctrines of Luther and Melancthon. Supported by Philip, Ulric boldly demanded from the Emperor a sanction of his return; and when it was refused, by one battle, that of Laufen, recovered all he had lost. Soon an Austrian magistrate or soldier was left in Wirtemberg; and the only advantage which the House of Hapsburg retained from its forcible occupation of the country was the barren title of Duke of Wirtemberg, which, after much hesitation, Ulric consented in the Treaty of Kadan to allow to Archduke Ferdinand, himself holding his Duchy, not as an immediate Imperial fief, but by subinfeudation from Austria.

The establishment of the Reformation in Wirtemberg, over which Dr. Kugler passes with rapidity, and to which we can only briefly refer, is nevertheless an instructive chapter in the ecclesiastical history of Germany, and has, as such, received an exhaustive treatment at the hands of Ranke and other historians. Nowhere was there, upon the whole, more toleration shown of the various competing forms of Christianity; but nowhere, on the other hand, was the cardinal measure in these reformations *de par le prince*, the secularization of church property, more thoroughly and summarily carried out. While establishing the Reformers' doctrines at home, Ulric boldly joined their defenders in the vital struggle which the Smalcaldic League was sustaining against the Emperor. Wirtemberg became the leader of the Protestant States of South Germany, and as such was involved in the calamities which for a time seemed destined to crush the cause and its partisans. Once more Ulric had to seek the retreat of his Ithome, the Hohentwiel, while the Austrian troops, with the inevitable Archduke Ferdinand, were flooding the land. The Treaty of Heilbronn left Ulric in the possession of his sovereignty, but on humiliating conditions. He had, as he nervously expressed it, to "let the Devil have his will," and to consent to the application to Wirtemberg of the *Interim*, by which the dominion of the ancient faith was partially re-established. In 1550 he at last succumbed to age and mortification, leaving an insecure heritage to his son Christoph. He had never loved and long suspected this prince, who, in exile and in power alike, had seemed rather a rival than a supporter of his father. Ulric's death at last gave Christoph an opportunity of proving himself both a more sagacious and a more successful politician than the hot-headed but generous adventurer of whose career we have attempted to indicate the outlines. Ulric's life was, in itself, little better than a long succession of failures, but his mettle placed him in the van of a struggle of which neither he nor any of his contemporaries can have fully appreciated the scope, or were destined to witness the end. We, who can view that struggle in all its phases, may acknowledge that he so far contributed to its progress that he taught the House of Austria that force alone could effectually secure for it the realization of its selfish designs; while he taught his brother princes that a bold resistance, and not a tame submission, could alone help them to both the political and the religious autonomy upon which their hearts were set. It is from this point of view that, at the risk of wearying our readers, we have directed notice to an episode of German history well deserving the attention of the admirers as well as the critics of Hapsburg policy.

MISS CAREW.*

THERE are few things with which a critic has more difficulty in dealing than an obvious sacrifice of literary reputation to present profit. It is easy enough to treat such a transaction with severe and unmixed censure, but the consciousness that the expected remuneration for a book is, far oftener than any other, the sole cause of its being written, will make him slow to condemn unreservedly a motive power which has been prolific of such tangible results. To tell an author not to write for bread would, in a majority of cases, be the same thing as telling him not to write at all, and when once this canon has been admitted it is difficult to limit its application. If a writer has found one book a success, by what law is he bound not to risk the publication of a second unless he believes that it is an improvement on the first? The public has already judged him favourably; why may it not be left to the same tribunal to determine whether a similar verdict is to be given on the new arraignment? Where the second production is genuinely the result of subsequent labour, these questions have a good deal of pertinence. The author has made a certain reputation, and if he risks it by a fresh appearance, his readers have the remedy in their own hands. The ultimate diminution of their numbers will be the appropriate punishment for failure. But the practice, which of late has grown so common, of making use of the popularity acquired by one book as a help to floating off another of earlier date and less matured merit, is very much more questionable. At the close of a literary career, there is nothing to be said against such a republication, for the writer's place is fixed and ascertained, and he may fairly assume that those who admire him will be interested in comparing his first rough outlines with the more finished pictures he has since given to the world. But when the experiment is tried at a very early stage, it looks a little like an attempt to trade in a sudden success. What was not good enough to see the light before has suddenly become so, not from any change in its own merits, but by reason of its relationship to something else. This relationship may be one of real resemblance, and the writer may only have discovered the quality of his elder offspring by the accidental popularity of the younger. But if, instead of this, the former is only a failure from the experience of which he has learned how to do better, he would be more wisely employed in turning the lesson to still further account than in converting it into immediate cash.

Perhaps Miss Edwards will be inclined to dispute the application of what we have said to herself. And indeed it is quite possible she may do so with some justice. The greater part of the contents of *Miss Carew* has already appeared in the columns of a magazine, and we have no means of determining whether some at least of them may not have been written since the appearance of the work by which she is best known. But she will allow that it is some provocation to harsh criticism to find a novel which has been advertised as a new one, and of which, after the success which the authoress achieved in *Barbara's History*, we have been led to form considerable expectations, turn out to be a mere collection of stories from *All the Year Round*. Of all the many reprints of which we are forced to question the wisdom, short stories form perhaps the most doubtful class. In the place in which they originally saw the light they may have been perfectly appropriate. They were read one at a time, and they served perhaps to relieve the dulness which reigned over the remainder of the magazine. But the case is very different when we have three volumes of them all at once, and have to excite and satiate our curiosity afresh half a dozen times in the course of each volume. And it may even be doubted whether the present style of novel-writing does not decidedly interfere with the success of short stories. The latter must, for the most part, be merely concerned with single adventures, or else their interest must lie in the skill with which the story is told, the events linked together, and the plot worked out. There is no space for the development of character, and therefore everything must depend on the narrative. But what is this but a description of the majority of the popular fictions of the present moment? They show exactly these characteristics on an enlarged scale. The additional space which the possession of three volumes puts at the writer's disposal is not devoted to any new features; it is all taken up with an amplification of those with which we are familiar. And readers who have grown accustomed to the minuteness of detail in which a finished story-teller like Mr. Wilkie Collins is wont to indulge will scarcely care to go back to productions which, by comparison, look like inchoate and rudimentary types of what has followed.

Whether, however, we are right or wrong in deprecating the republication of short stories, we are quite clear that, if it is done at all, it should be done as openly and with as little pretence as possible. If the author likes to tie a number of them together, and send them out into the world to sink or swim with the crowd, he is perfectly welcome to do so. What we chiefly object to is the attempt to give an appearance of organic unity to a literary bundle of sticks by inventing some absurd or impossible string with which to bind them to one another. Mr. Dickens was, we believe, the first, as he has certainly been the most frequent, offender in this direction. The Christmas number of *All the Year Round* is invariably a collection of tales

* *Miss Carew*. By Amelia B. Edwards. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1865.

to which the editor supplies an introduction and a connecting link. The introductions have sometimes been among the happiest specimens of his humour; the connecting links have frequently exhibited the most exaggerated efforts of his imagination. Owing to his example, it has become the fashion to provide every similar collection with a setting of this fashion, and no story can now be reprinted unless some absurd explanation is given of the manner in which it has found its way into the volume. It is her acquiescence in this custom which forms the principal charge we have to bring against Miss Edwards. If she had chosen to put the name of the first tale on the title-page, and to call it simply "Terrible Company and other Stories," we should certainly not have thought it necessary to criticize them. But when *Miss Carew* is announced as a new novel by the author of *Barbara's History*, the case is altogether different. By so doing she implies—unless we assume that some irresponsible advertising agent has been guilty of a fraud upon the circulating libraries—that her work has an organic character of some sort, and that her former success was conspicuous enough to secure a critical recognition for her present effort. Looked at in this way, we are sorry to be obliged to pronounce *Miss Carew* one of the weakest novels it has ever been our ill-fortune to read. Sketched in outline, the plot is simply this:—The hero, Philip Dundonald, "barrister at law, author of an unsuccessful book, of a transpontine drama, and of a chaos of leaders, light articles, and sensation stories," falls "hopelessly, helplessly, irrationally in love" with the heroine, a great heiress, whom he first sees "at an evening party in Mayfair, at precisely twenty-four minutes past ten o'clock on Thursday evening, the twenty-fourth of December, eighteen hundred and sixty-two." We are not quite certain whether the humour of this statement is supposed to reside in its chronological minuteness, or in its being written in words instead of figures. Thenceforth Mr. Dundonald thinks of nothing but Miss Carew. He hunts her out at dinner-parties and balls, hires a horse on which he "distinguishes himself in the Park on Sundays," does theatrical criticism for the *Pimlico Patriot* on the chance of sometimes seeing her in the stalls, and finally collects his miscellaneous stories "into three showy volumes," to which he prefixes an anonymous and mysterious dedication to Miss —. At length Miss Carew goes out of town, and Mr. Dundonald resigns his post on the *Patriot*, gives himself up to despair, takes to wearing slippers and scorning cravats, and derives a "gloomy satisfaction from the perusal of *Taylor on Poisons*." From this state he is roused by a visit from Sir Geoffrey Buchanan, who gives him an opportune invitation to meet Miss Carew at Seaborough Court, somewhere on the coast of Durham. To this place he goes down the following week, taking with him "dress gloves enough for Briareus and dress boots enough for a centipede," and a day or two after his arrival he finds himself one of a yachting party which is weatherbound on an island some miles from home. While searching for something wherewith to enliven a long and tedious day, Sir Geoffrey discovers a bundle of waste-paper in the grocer's shop which supplies the little fishing village. Greatly to Dundonald's secret discomfiture, this turns out to be the sheets of his anonymous collection of stories, and on Miss Carew's proposition they are immediately read aloud. Wonderful to relate, they serve to "amuse the little party for the best part of two days." This is the introduction to the book. Next follow the stories in question, and then in the third volume we again take up the connecting thread, and find the yacht in sailing order, and every one ready to return home. At the end of three weeks at Seaborough Court, Philip Dundonald makes up his mind, a little late in the day, that a poor author has no business to make an offer to an heiress with 15,000*l.* a year, and he consequently determines to go back to London. The evening before he does so, however, he receives an offer of the editorship of a Calcutta newspaper, which he at once accepts, and this naturally precipitates a favourable crisis. On the morning of his departure, Miss Carew takes occasion to tell a story of hers who was driven to let her lover "understand that she would accept him, if he asked her." The lover, she says, had published a book with an anonymous dedication to the lady, a copy of which dedication the narrator happens to have in her purse, and which of course turns out to be Dundonald's declaration. After many months, she goes on, the lady found out the secret, and when she and her lover "were on the point of being parted for life they met at the house of a friend." At this stage of the narrative Miss Carew borrows a pencil, and proceeds to show how her friend, finding her lover's book in the library, turned to the dedication, and wrote "Accepted!" at the foot of the page. The curtain falls on Dundonald's raptures, and on the following literary compact:—"You must write no more for the grocer, Philip Dundonald." "I will write for you, my beloved," I replied. "Only that which is good enough for all the world is worthy of Helen Carew."

We must ask, in all seriousness, is this sort of thing worthy of Miss Edwards? She has shown herself, in *Barbara's History*, a not undeserving candidate for a high place among contemporary novelists. What are we to say when she condescends to string together such a bundle of follies as this, and publish it in the outward guise of a serious literary venture? Nor is it possible to speak in much higher terms of the tales of which *Miss Carew* is the framework. None of them call for any special notice, and none deserved to be reprinted. In collecting them Miss Edwards has not even been careful enough to exclude obvious repetitions. There are no less than three—"Terrible Company," "The Painter of Rotterdam," and "The Patagonian Brothers"—in each of which the sole incident is an attempt to throw the hero down, in

one case from the dome of St. Peter's, in another from the top of a lofty scaffolding, and in the third from the car of a balloon. The readers of *All the Year Round* may have had time to forget each of these sensations before the next repetition of it, but the most careless reader can hardly achieve this when they occur in the course of one and the same book. Again, it is hard, except on the principle that imitation is the sincerest flattery, to account for the appearance of a journey in a phantom mail-coach which is a close reproduction of a well-known story, or for the resemblance between the relations of the love-stricken Dundonald with his landlady, when she finds him in tears over a dish of devilled kidneys, and those of David Copperfield and Mrs. Crump when the former is in a similar situation. We have no wish to treat Miss Edwards with needless harshness, and the very fact that we thus speak of *Miss Carew* sufficiently shows that we think the writer capable of far better things. If we did not, we should not have taken the trouble to review so very slight a work; but we trust that a few plain truths may serve to recall an authoress from whom so much may be justly looked for to the endeavour to make her future publications less inconsistent with her merited reputation.

ADVENTURES IN BORNEO.*

IT seems probable that, so far as the traveller's purposes are concerned, the world will last our time. The region where travels of the most adventurous kind are possible is indeed becoming gradually narrower. To get fairly beyond the utmost echoes of civilization it is almost necessary to plunge into the heart of Africa. But between travels of the old type and the mere tourist's trip there intervenes a broad margin; and it will be a long time before the ground fitted for this sort of expedition, which justifies a man in writing a book but does not justify him in setting up as a discoverer, is exhausted. Little of the world is left in absolute darkness, but there is a good deal of it in twilight. Mr. Boyle seems to have selected an excellent scene for a journey of this intermediate type, and has described it in an entertaining book. He left England in the beginning of 1863 with his brother, and they went straight to Borneo, with the object of being the first white men to traverse the country from Sarawak to Pontianak. Whether it was worth while to go so far to perform this particular feat we cannot say. The reputation of having been the first white traveller from Sarawak to Pontianak does not strike the uninitiated as being a specially enviable one; but it appears to be, on a larger scale, the same motive that urges various persons of apparently rational minds in other respects to clamber up big lumps of rock and ice every summer, because no one has been foolish enough to clamber up those special lumps before. We therefore respect the motive, as conforming to an accepted type. Mr. Boyle failed in carrying out his plans, because, just at the time of his visit, the inhabitants of the central district through which he must pass considered it right to murder every one coming from Rajah Brooke's dominions. He saw, however, a good deal of the country during the four months of his stay; made intimate friendships with a large number of savage chiefs; lived for some time in a native village in a remote corner of the forests, and has given a very lively and pleasant description of his trip.

Mr. Boyle appears to belong to the class of travellers pure and simple. He has not any scientific backslidings. He confesses, much to our secret gratification, that he does not know the names of the various species of birds, beasts, and plants which he comes across. He takes an interest in them considered as friends, but does not exhibit the proclivities, indicated by a profusion of hideous Latin names, which frequently make the works of second-rate scientific men so wearisome. He shot a good many beasts, including monkeys; for which last performance he carefully apologizes. Monkeys, he says, do not mean at all when they are shot; and as for their grimaces and gestures, they are indicative simply of rage and malevolence—feelings, he admits, "quite natural on the monkey's part," but not particularly touching. The sporting details of the book are, however, subordinate, the chief part being occupied by an account of the manners and customs of the natives. Sporting, indeed, seems to be pursued under considerable difficulties in a country so covered with impenetrable jungle. The chief method of penetrating the forest is by a peculiar kind of native paths. They are made by felling trees, clearing off the branches, and placing the trunks end to end in a direct line. To walk along a slippery round log without any support, balancing yourself in rope-dancer fashion, through the thick of a tropical jungle, is naturally a disagreeable process. Ravines are crossed by bamboo bridges—a single bamboo, eight or nine inches in diameter and suspended at a height of fifty or sixty feet above the water, being the Dyak notion of a bridge. A slight handrail is placed on either side to assist the balance, and if the traveller slips, bridge, handrail, and traveller are all precipitated together to the bottom. Following one of these charming paths, Mr. Boyle reached a Dyak village, where he stayed for some days, and became very intimate with the inhabitants. They appear to be a harmless and interesting race. As for religion, there is not much to be said, for the excellent reason that "none exists." Some of them admit the existence of a Supreme Being, but they add that they know nothing about him. Their only approach to a religious doctrine appears to be a belief in certain "antus," or wood-devils. These

* *Adventures among the Dyaks of Borneo.* By Frederick Boyle. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1865.

antus, I suppose fields. for the place mud, a "with eat the he could people a general the said mising erase an except and the of their apparat human receive respect because convert to unde apt to a know advance found and tea become priety tried by been e mass of the vo which childre it as be true impress but th and it may be when t Mean from a shaky crocodi hospiti Mr. Bo was ar of En brass his ch On his in wh his st pattern bright jealous costum for th presen which thin m a slave cocoa in the strong the se change and te days a dancin effecti perfor scene coarse that I brutal was t preced fact, a very m impro consid proba their them and n had, collec piece out s

antus, however, are a singularly material kind of devil; they are supposed to roam about, eat the natives, and damage the paddy fields. The Dyaks, however, "expressed the greatest contempt for them and for supernatural beings generally." In one place Mr. Boyle found a couple of alligators, made of mud, and the size of life. These alligators, he was told, "with much laughter," were expected to roam about at night and eat the antus; and they were the only signs of religious feeling he could find amongst the Dyaks. It must be confessed that a people who entertain a profound contempt "for supernatural beings generally," and whose one vestige of religion is an impression that the said beings may possibly be eaten by mud-alligators, are promising subjects for missionary enterprise. Their minds will be a blank sheet of paper, from which it will be at least unnecessary to erase any rival form of creed. They have no marriage ceremony, except the simultaneous drunkenness of every male in the house; and the same rites appear to be the chief observances at the burial of their dead. With such an entire absence of any theological apparatus, they have many virtues; they are manly, honest, and humane, and it would seem that they should be well prepared to receive the teaching of the white man, for whom they have a high respect. The missionaries, however, have had but little success, because, as Mr. Boyle argues, they insist upon instructing the convert in a great many dogmas which it is impossible for him to understand. The Christian convert in those parts is therefore apt to be a hypocrite, who has been cunning enough to simulate a knowledge really beyond his capacity, with a view to very solid advantages. Mr. Boyle thinks that the proper remedy would be found in assembling a whole tribe together, baptizing them first, and teaching them afterwards. They would by degrees, he thinks, become Christians without knowing it. We confess that the propriety of this prescription seems rather doubtful; it has been tried by the Jesuits in the East, and resulted only, as might have been expected, in putting a thin varnish of Christianity on to a mass of substantially heathen sentiments. It is surely better to do the work thoroughly, though slowly—as by means of the schools to which Mr. Boyle informs us these people are willing to trust their children—than to make a great show of success by spreading it as thinly over as large a surface as possible. It may be true that it is very difficult to make any very durable impression upon the unstable receptive powers of a native, but that is so far an argument against any sort of conversion; and it is also true that before we have converted them all they may be in a fair way of being improved off the face of the earth—when the question will fall of itself.

Meanwhile, the Dyaks seem to get on as well as can be expected from a nation whose only religious principle consists of a rather shaky belief in wood-devils capable of being devoured by mud-crocodiles. Mr. Boyle appears to have been quite touched by the hospitality of a certain great chief, named Gasing. He invited Mr. Boyle and his brother to a mighty feast. Gasing himself was arrayed in the uniform coat which forms the Court dress of English Consuls-general. His head was adorned by the brass top of a dragon helmet, secured by a linen band under his chin, whilst the horsehair plume streamed down his back. On his forehead was a brass plate inscribed with the victories in which one of Her Majesty's regiments had participated. On his stomach was the plated cover of a soup tureen, with a pattern embossed in high relief. This, we are told, was the brightest jewel among Gasing's regalia, and an object of much jealousy to neighbouring potentates. The weak point of his costume was an absence of trousers. The festivity, which lasted for three days, was of the simplest kind. It consisted in every one present getting as drunk as he possibly could. The drink by which this was effected is described as being in appearance like thin milk, and in smell like that of five hundred negroes drunk in a slave-pen. When taken into the mouth, it suggests the idea of cocoa-nut milk gone sour, mixed with brown sugar and old cheese; in the throat there arises a suspicion of "starch, mingled with the strongest cayenne," and, when fairly swallowed, the sufferer realizes the sensation of "waiting for the crisis in a rolling vessel at the change of the monsoons." This description is certainly forcible, and tends to suggest the idea that incessant intoxication for three days must have unpleasant consequences. Sundry attempts at dancing seem to have varied the proceedings, but were not very effectively carried out, owing to the natural unsteadiness of the performers. It is, therefore, pleasing to add that, although such a scene of "uncouth merriment" would in England have been coarse and disgusting, in Borneo it was not so. Mr. Boyle says that he did not see a single act of impropriety, and that "the brutality inseparable from a heavy 'wine' at Oxford or Cambridge was utterly absent." A scene which ought, according to all precedent, to have been disgusting, was pleasantly amusing. In fact, Mr. Boyle became so attached to his friends that he doubts very much whether they are not, on the whole, a considerable improvement upon the lower classes of Europe. He speaks with considerable suspicion of the civilization which, for the Dyak, probably means extermination. "Their minds are healthy as their bodies; theft and brawling and adultery are unknown to them; their houses are comfortable, and small labour procures for them the means of life in abundance; in war they are fearless, and no domestic anxiety harasses their intervals of peace." They had, as is well known, a rather objectionable propensity for collecting human heads as appropriate ornaments for the chimney-piece of savage life, and every now and then a party goes out and makes a small bag. The house of the aggressor

is in this case fined, and the head is confiscated—much as a schoolmaster confiscates a silver pencil-case which a boy will play with at improper times. A magazine of these heads is kept in a carefully guarded house, and is the envy of all the neighbouring tribes. Even Sir James Brooke, to whose influence over the native mind Mr. Boyle bears the strongest testimony, would be utterly unable to suppress the practice of head-taking in open war; and it is surprising that he has brought it within moderate bounds as a pleasing occupation in time of peace.

Mr. Boyle gives many interesting anecdotes of the other populations on the island. He tells us of a Malay who, wishing to run "amok" in a quiet district, decided on the whole that it would be better to cut himself in pieces instead; he describes the Chinamen, for whom he apparently entertains a hearty dislike, but who are the only class capable of hard labour in the island; and he mentions a remarkable medical practice at a village known by the significant name of Banting. The villagers, it seems, instead of practising upon the patient, charm a pig, upon whose fate that of the patient is supposed to depend. It would be a mercy if the Banting system of our own islands could be applied in a similar manner. But for these and many other descriptions of life and nature, given in an entertaining and humorous style, we must refer to Mr. Boyle's pages.

"GRASP YOUR NETTLE."

NEXT to the merit of evolving a plot of striking originality is the power of infusing fresh interest into old materials. Mrs. Linton wisely abstains from the temptation to which modern novelists are subject, to spend their strength in building up on some central fact a superstructure of ingenious incident which may serve to keep the reader on the tenterhooks of suspense, but which must inevitably collapse before one whiff of plain common sense. Her forte lies in the delineation of characters drawn from the dead level of ordinary life, and she brings her talent into play by taking a given area and mapping it out, and peopling it with the sort of families and individuals whom in real life one might expect to find in such a district. The bent of her genius is parochial rather than oecumenic. In the novel under review, she transports her readers into the midst of a small circle of rural society, living in a little world of their own, immersed in their own petty projects and interests, and agitated by nothing more serious than the details of local gossip or the appearance of a stranger in the parish church. Clive Vale recalls a good many of the scenes and characters of Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford*, and we recognise in this work much of the simple pathos and delicate insight which distinguish that popular authoress. The characters are lifelike without being in the least conventional, and are drawn with a quiet humour which befits so quiet a subject. Among the best in the book is the heroine's mother, who, as the mistress of the rectory, occupies a prominent place in the parochial hierarchy. Mrs. Escott was a warm-hearted but easily offended woman, obtuse in her general perceptions, but keenly sensitive on matters of personal feeling, always thinking herself intentionally slighted, yet kindly natured, and, if flattered and made much of, easily pacified, even under real wrong. Really fond of her daughter, she showed her love by a series of petty tiffs, taking offence at the merest trifle. It was an offence if Aura was reading when her mother wanted her to talk about the maid's flirtations or smart ribbons, or if she did not like the same books that her mother liked, or defended a character or opinion which her mother had attacked, or ventured to think for herself on any subject whatever. The Parthian shot with which she brings a small domestic squabble to a conclusion—"I will overlook it, but I dare say you will be sorry for it to-night in your prayers"—is thoroughly characteristic. As was natural, her high opinion of her own abilities was constantly betraying her into gross blunders. When an adventurer comes into the Vale, and by his dark hints sets the inhabitants against Mr. Trelawney, Mrs. Escott is ready to believe the worst of her son-in-law, and to join in running him down. And when the adventurer's sister decoys his two eldest children away to Paris, Mrs. Escott insists that the woman is their mother, and perfectly justified in taking them away. In spite of these mistakes, her own infallibility remains one of her few fixed ideas, and she is always reproaching her daughter with not listening to her arguments and treating them with proper respect. Then there is Mr. Bennet, the Calvinistic curate, the sworn foe of dancing and cardplaying, and the leader of the *parti prêtre* in the Vale. There is an amusing scene in which the fierce zealot is caught in the toils of the fascinating little Parisian adventuress. Full of the delicious thought that she might be a decided Roman Catholic, but with such plastic faith that he might mould her to the model of the severest Calvinism and receive her into the true Church as his own special work, he falls in with the wily lady in one of her walks. Pretending to be going on an errand of charity to one of his parishioners, she takes the opportunity of informing her companion that she is "Lutheran up to the nails," and gives a little scream of horror at the idea of going to mass and confession. The glory of one undeniable conversion would have made Mr. Bennet for life, and he is rather disappointed to find that Madame Louise is not destined to become a living monument of his theological zeal. But as a Protestant who has resisted, during

* "Grasp your Nettle." By E. Lynn Linton. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1865.

a long residence abroad, the blandishments of Rome, she commands his sympathies all the more readily, and he is soon head over ears in love with her. The picture of the harsh, awkward, narrow-minded ecclesiastic, hopelessly carried away by his new-born passion for the bewitching stranger with her childish airs and bird-like voice and exquisitely fitting lavender gloves, is not only diverting, but psychologically true. And the effect of love upon the atrabilious temperament of the curate is skilfully depicted. Instead of softening, it merely inflames his rancour, and imparts increased heartiness to his anathemas against sinners. Then there is Mrs. Price, a bony masculine-looking widow, with two elderly daughters who act as Mr. Bennet's *aides-de-camp*, prominent members of the Dorcas Society, and energetic distributors of tracts; and the Miss Campbells, who head the worldly faction, and are great at balls and archery meetings; Mr. Mountain the solicitor, "with a commonplace wife afflicted with an eternal cold"; and Mr. Patrick Grainger, a wealthy old bachelor, who is a great authority on matters of etiquette, and piques himself on "the naughty knowledge" acquired during a three years' residence in London. A little lower in the social scale, we have Aunt Dess, an old maid, "one of those women to be met with in remote country places who at fifty are more innocent than many a town-girl of eighteen," who with her niece, pretty Hannah Marks, leads a sort of dovelike existence, petted and patronized by the magnates of the Vale. All of these are characters with which we are more or less familiar as the constituents of average rural society.

After giving them a local seat and habitation, and distributing them over her imaginary area in proper groups, the next thing which Mrs. Linton does is to provide them with something to talk about. Probably her own experience has led her to observe that no subject occupies so large a space in the thoughts and conversation of a small country circle as marriage in all its ramifications. Whether Mr. Jones is going to marry Miss Smith is a topic of more interest to the parish than the American war or the price of stocks. So, in making her heroine, the rector's daughter, fall in love with Mr. Jasper Trelawney—a haughty, reserved, middle-aged widower, who had recently settled in the Vale, and over whom an air of mystery hung—our authoress has not merely hit on an incident material to the main purpose of her story, but on one of all others most calculated to throw the small fry of the parish into commotion, and set their tongues wagging. In spite of the malicious comments of the Valeites, to whom Mr. Trelawney's habitual reserve made him an object of dislike and suspicion, no union could have been happier, until one fine day a serpent finds its way into the Paradise at the Croft, in the shape of a disreputable Parisian swindler, the brother to Mr. Trelawney's first wife, whose misconduct had covered him with disgrace and led him to drop his real name. And, worse than all, with that unhappy facility which widowers in novels exhibit for plunging into a second marriage without waiting for documentary evidence of the termination of the first, it appears that Mr. Trelawney has married Aura Escott on nothing more than a strong presumption of his Parisian wife's death at Funchal, and married her moreover under a false name. All this the unscrupulous Mr. Gregory Dysart threatens to divulge, unless a handsome sum be forthcoming. This then is the "nettle" which Jasper has to "grasp." At first he tries to bribe his tormentor to secrecy, but the latter has no intention of parting soon with so promising a milch-cow. With a view to keep his victim in sight, Mr. Dysart takes up his abode in the Vale, and, trading on his alleged intimacy with the Trelawneys, makes himself the most popular man in the place. A few significant hints as to his knowledge of Mr. Trelawney's antecedents enhanced the stranger's importance:—

All the thousand definite and exact stories about Mr. Trelawney rife at various times in the Vale had been floating slanders unrooted in any demonstrable fact, therefore unfixed and unfruitful; but this vagueness of the new comer had fibres and a firm foothold, and so struck down its roots into the minds of men, and grew and flourished vigorously, if silently, as is the way with things that are to live. It was the first actual tangibility they had got hold of—the first step in the scale of evidence; the words were as shadowy as ghosts in the moonlight, but the fact that a pleasant-mannered gentleman had once known Mr. Jasper Trelawney, and had known some evil of him, was as stable as the granite-rocks on the hills. It was a formless slander, but it had roots, the first that had; and it was the law of nature that it should bear fruit in the future. All of which Mr. Dysart understood as well as he understood the mysteries of hauss and baisse, or of rouge-et-noir; knowing indeed the exact force and angle and point and aim to give to his "elf-arrows"—his shapeless insinuations and formless slanders.

With a view to wring more money from Mr. Trelawney, the Parisian adventurer sends for his sister to personate that gentleman's first wife, taking good care, however, to prevent the risk of identification. Her arrival precipitates an explanation between Aura and her husband. Her calmness and heroism nerve him to fresh exertion, and the policy of concession is abandoned for that of "grasping the nettle" in good earnest. Mr. Trelawney starts on a voyage to Madeira to ransack the registers of mortality in that island, and Aura stays at home to face the storm in the Vale, where it soon transpires that Madame Louise lays claim to the title of Jasper's wife. The religious party in the Vale espoused the strange lady's cause warmly, and Mr. Bennet and Mrs. Price were loud in their denunciation of Aura's sin in continuing to inhabit the Croft, and call herself Mrs. Trelawney. But the cunning of the conspirators ultimately over-reaches itself. Having decoyed away the two children whose mother she pretended to be, Madame Louise is unearched in Paris, and confronted with Jasper,

who is at once relieved from his fears on the score of his first wife's re-appearance. A clue to her brother's place of concealment in England is obtained, and he is arrested on a charge of forgery just as he is enjoying a pleasant little dinner in the Vale, upon which he promptly commits suicide. The only objection which might be urged against the propriety of this *dénouement* is that it is all the result of the purest accident, and is not in any way brought about by the bold policy indicated in the proverb which the authoress has taken for her title. The Trelawneys owe their recovered peace of mind not so much to their own courage in grasping the nettle, as to the lucky accident of the nettle suddenly losing its power to sting.

We have preferred to speak of the subordinate characters in this novel rather than of the two principal ones, because the latter appear to us to be the creations of least merit in the book. There is nothing in either which offends good taste, but they are somewhat thin and colourless conceptions, lacking the force and intensity which the situation demands. Aura is, on the whole, a pleasing representative of the high-minded and devoted wife; but Mr. Trelawney strikes us as a character of the forcible-feeble type, too much wanting in backbone to elicit much sympathy, and too unmistakably a feminine conception to be lifelike. Mrs. Linton's artistic power seems to us to rise in merit in proportion as she gets away from the central interest of her story. The surroundings with which she invests it, the background which brings into relief the prominent figures on her canvas, the accessories on which she bestows unusual care, evince more truth and delicacy of touch than any other part of her composition. The impression made on a handful of bystanders with commonplace minds, by a drama of real life enacted before their very eyes, is skilfully portrayed. The Valeites are like the Chorus at a Greek play—the echo and reflection of the events going on around them. Mrs. Linton puts into their mouths just the sort of comments and gossip in which people in a petty sphere of life and prone to busy themselves about their neighbours' concerns would be likely to indulge. The scene in the parish church when the fascinating swindler makes his first appearance, and the flutter into which the fair portion of the congregation was thereby thrown; the tea party at Mrs. Price's, where Mr. Dysart wins golden opinions by boasting, in a light airy fashion, of his fine friends; the quarrel between Mr. Bennet and Mr. Grainger, and the characteristic revenge which the curate took by preaching against his opponent under cover of Jeroboam; the impetus given to the local gaiety by the versatile newcomer; the credulity with which his dark hints are received; and, finally, the excitement and reaction when his true character is discovered—all these are so many lively and natural pictures of rural life and manners. Here and there we recognise a touch of quiet pathos, as in the episode of Hannah Marks, who nearly breaks her simple little heart for love of the brilliant Dysart, and after passing through a sharp illness, comes out again into the world "a withered, faded, stiffened old maid, with all the youth burnt out of her." What pleases us most in this book is its smooth unexaggerated tone, which presents a refreshing contrast to the restless glare of the popular sensation novel. The style is clear and forcible, and neither degenerates into fine writing nor labours uneasily to be picturesque, which is the prevalent blot in modern works of fiction. The French-English of Madame Louise Trebuchet deserves a word of special commendation, being singularly natural and idiomatic. Both in what she attempts and what she avoids, Mrs. Linton shows a correct estimate of her own resources. In an age of literary extravagance, it is no slight merit in an authoress to understand the limits of her powers, and within those limits to execute her work neatly.

THREE GREAT TEACHERS.*

ONE of the funniest marks of all fervent disciples of Mr. Carlyle is the extraordinary interpretation they put upon his favourite doctrine that speech is of silver, but silence is golden. A youth no sooner gets thoroughly inoculated with Carlylian principles than he is at once seized by an intense and irresistible longing to write and talk. He has scarcely finished the *Sartor* or the *Hero Worship* before he begins to spend the best part of the solid day in furious abuse of "this tragic time"; in bitter invective against Political Economy, which he knows nothing of, and against Bentham, not a line of whom he has ever read; in boisterous declamations on the blessedness of silence, and in voluble and ceaseless chatter about the superior worth of work over words. Most clever men of the rising generation have gone through this diverting phase, babbling for days together about the golden splendours of silence, and dreaming in a fiery sort of idleness of the glories of labour. There probably never was a creed in the world which so invariably led its votaries for a time to practise the very reverse of everything they preached. It is difficult to see why it should be so, but the fact is beyond dispute. The most probable explanation is eminently flattering to Mr. Carlyle himself. He seems to acquire such a profound hold upon the minds of his younger followers that they are as unable to restrain themselves from giving out what he has put in as the Pythia was to repress the oracular sayings after inhaling the intoxicating vapour. They are so penetrated with the force and fire of their master that they

* *Three Great Teachers of Our Own Time: Carlyle, Tennyson, and Ruskin.* By Alexander H. Japp. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1865.

positively forget the true meaning of his principles in the overwhelming necessity of finding some outlet for their vigorous and energetic sentiments. And quiet work is the last way of getting relief. Nothing but torrents of words can give the required comfort.

Mr. Japp is plainly in this painful condition, and his book is worth noticing as a remarkably fine case of the great Carlylian malady to which English youth is at present so liable. There is something uncommonly amusing in a man's writing a book of windy criticism by way of illustrating Mr. Carlyle's exhortation, "Of literature be in all ways shy rather than otherwise at present"—"thy words let them be few and well ordered; love silence rather than speech in these tragic days, when for very speaking the voice of man has fallen inarticulate to man." Mr. Japp's book is indeed the best imaginable illustration of the soundness and appropriateness in these tragic days of his master's doctrine. It would have been well if Mr. Japp had been shy rather than otherwise, at present, of literature. His words are not few, neither are they well-ordered. Apart from such odious phrases as "thought-tree," "life-reform," "life-purpose," "hero-poet," and the like, is not silence better than speech for the author of such sentences as this:—"All the rich glowing flowers of his imagination and fancy—fresh, fantastic, varied as the bloom of some Eastern garden—yet rests firmly based on a solid structure." Truly, fine writing is of silver, but good grammar is golden; and it is rather contrary to the common idea of vegetative processes to represent rich flowers as resting firmly based on solid structures. The voice of Japp falls inarticulate to man. He wants to tell an author not to write any more verses, and in "well-ordered" words he begins:—"Indeed were I here and now to make bold to tender a solemn brotherly advice to such a pure aspiring soul, I would say in all seriousness, Never rhyme again." A common man would not have said both "here" and "now," both "solemn" and "in all seriousness," but of course anybody who believes in the divineness of silence and the necessity of doing rather than saying is sure to use as many words as possible. On another occasion, Mr. Japp wants, as usual, to enforce the doctrine that people ought to lead unobtrusive lives—not talking, not writing books; so he bursts out into what, in his own style, we make bold to call a quite too brilliant picture-passage. "True lives," he makes bold to maintain, "let them be never so humble, are like rivulets running underground, making the earth green; pure so long as they flow unnoticed onwards, getting defiled and muddy at bottom as soon as they emerge into open day, and become great deep wells and tarns." We do not know that a great deep well or tarn is, as a matter of fact, usually more muddy and defiled, or less pure, than a rivulet running underground; but if it be so, what has induced Mr. Japp to make a tarn of himself by writing a book? As he says, "vital but invisible worth, in the very fact of becoming visible, may lose much of its secret fertilizing power." With what consistency has he made himself visible and thus lost much of that fertilizing power which he might have retained in private life?

But consistency is scarcely Mr. Japp's strong point. "From his very earliest appearance as a literary man," for instance, we are told in one place, "Carlyle seemed fully conscious of his mission." A little further on we are surprised to find the author expressing vehement admiration of the assertion that "Consciousness is little, a diseased mixture and conflict of life and death. Unconsciousness is the sign of creation; consciousness at best that of manufacture." So that, according to his own admissions, the author makes out that his master has the mark of littleness, and at best is only a manufacturer. "Your hero is unconscious that he is a hero, that is a condition of all greatness." Yet Mr. Carlyle, according to his friendly critic's own statement, was fully conscious of his heroic mission. Again, in one place we are told that this is a time of "selfish sectarianism, exclusiveness, and bigotry." A hundred pages further on we learn that "ours is a philosophical, pre-eminently a doubting time—a hasty, impetuous, fevered time, when even men's bloods are tainted by the falsenesses and ghoulish appetites of their fathers." Surely it might have struck Mr. Japp that an age can scarcely have bigotry for its prominent characteristic when it is pre-eminently a doubting time. If it is essentially a time of selfish sectarianism, how can it be also an essentially philosophic time? Essentially it is either one or the other. And what is the plain unvarnished meaning of the statement that in our day "even men's bloods are tainted by the falsenesses and ghoulish appetites of their fathers"? What ghoulish appetites, for example? Then, when we are told of Mr. Ruskin that he treats all his subjects "in an eminently religious spirit in the truly human sense of it," what is the peculiar force of the "truly human sense"? How could Mr. Ruskin have a religious spirit in any but a human sense?

Of course Mr. Japp will look on all this as the most hide-bound Dryasdust nonsense and quibbling. He will despise us as a parcel of gignem and phantasm-captains. Any effort to restrain fine language and fine cloudy thought is pitiful work in the eyes of one who can talk about the eternities. It is a sign of Benthamism, or Political Economy, or something equally shocking. By the way, Mr. Japp is very severe on "the un-Christian trash that deluges the land about *Economy*." Then he is very severe, too, on poor Keats's poetry. "No man," exclaims our fearfully earnest friend, "has a right to toy and waste his God-given time and gifts in the manner Keats did, with the decoration of dead ideas in fanciful and playful resurrection." It really is quite shocking to think of Keats wasting his time and gifts in such

stuff as *Endymion* or the *Hymn to Pan*, when he might, with a very little more labour, genius, and cultivation, have written such a work as Mr. Japp's for instance. Young men should not be too hasty in writing poetry. As our author remarks, in a metaphor of fine delicacy, "they should wait, like nature, till the dung of life has nurtured the tree of will into beautiful blossom." Compare, if you can, the mawkish imagery of Keats with this strong and wholesome simile—the *dung of life*! And let us admire as we can that nice appreciation of the comparative value of literature which can treat the *Hymn to Pan* as mere waste of God-given time by the side of Mr. Japp's "humble and loving" criticism.

But one ought not to think too lightly of Mr. Japp. There are hundreds of men in exactly the same case, and as soon as a man has got safely through the stage of Carlyle-worship he is generally all the better for it. While the fit is on him, he is rash, intolerant, noisy, and rather ignorant. But he acquires from all this, if he be a man of a naturally sound constitution, an amount of moral vigour and sincerity and courage which will give an immense impulse in whatever direction other circumstances may lead him. Mr. Carlyle, in spite of incidental inconsistencies, or even extravagances, does teach us two things most effectively—first, to be honest; and, secondly, to do our work patiently and thoroughly. On the all-important point, what work we are to do, it is not too disrespectful to him to say that he scarcely ever gives a hint that is capable of being wisely carried out. He insists with a force and persistence for which the modern English world cannot be too grateful, and to which, perhaps, more than any other doctrine, his hold on the practical English mind is due, that the present, that which our hand "here and now" finds to do, is the only proper object of our attention. "Here is my America, or nowhere," as Teufelsdröck said. The use to which we are to put our present each man must find as he may. Mr. Japp finds that the whole sum of the doctrine of his three great teachers may be stated in one "grand all-including monition"—"Be simple, single-minded, prudent, true, genuine men." Nobody can deny that this is most wholesome. But what is prudence? But may not a man be simple, genuine, single-minded, prudent, and all the rest of it, in courses of downright depravity? We are to be unspeakably in earnest and unflinching—whether in the practice of virtue, or in the incessant indulgence of all manner of perversity and selfishness and unscrupulousness, does not apparently make much difference. This, however, is not the place for an examination of the defects of Mr. Carlyle's philosophy. That he has immense influence, direct and indirect, on the age, and that on the whole, and in the long run, it is almost wholly beneficial, may be conceded. But the vagaries of disciples who insist on making proselytes before they have themselves learnt the true force and worth of their master's principles are among the most amusing things in contemporary literature.

Mr. Japp looks upon Tennyson and Ruskin, the other two who go to make up his trio, as apostles of Carlylian doctrine, and he talks about them and their writings at frightful length, with all the cant and slang common to writers of his school. He would have done well to remember the lines of a thinker whom he mentions, though not apparently from personal knowledge of his writings:—

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

The style of his criticism may be inferred from a single instance. Some readers of *In Memoriam*, he says, will be most struck by its theology, others by its geology. "As to the geology of the poem," he goes on, "let my readers only think of that verse and what it contains:—

O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
There where the long street roars hath been
The stillness of the central sea."

And then more wonderful still—"That is really the text of all our more recent developments of geological science." Indeed—to borrow his own delicious language—were we here and now to make bold to tender a solemn brotherly advice to such a pure aspiring soul as Mr. Alexander Japp, we would say in all seriousness, Never write about geology again.

LE PÉCHÉ DE MADELEINE.

ABOUT a year and a half ago, in Paris, an unknown messenger deposited a manuscript at the office of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Upon the cover were a few lines begging the editor, in case he thought the contribution unsuitable for his periodical, to send an envelope to the Poste Restante, addressed to the author under a feigned name. The editor, on opening the enclosure, found a short French tale. He read it, and was struck with the feeling and talent which it displayed. But the unknown author was not to be reached even through the medium of the Poste Restante. The editorial letter accepting his manuscript lay for a whole month unasked for and unopened. At last the editor determined upon giving the unclaimed production to the world. Not even the success, however, of the publication could draw the writer from his or her *incognito*. A few brief lines thanking the managers for their courtesy were all that came, and it is the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* who, at the request of a Paris publisher, has now undertaken the task of reprinting the little

* *Le Pêché de Madeleine*. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1865.

novel, or history—whichever it may be—in a separate volume. *Le Pêché de Madeleine* is a short and soon told story. Judged from an impartial point of view, it is open to the sound criticism that the seduction of a young French lady by her adopted sister's husband is too monstrous and disagreeable an idea to form the centre-piece and subject of a tale. But the volume, though certainly un-English, ought not to be confounded with the mass of sentimental French romances that clog the literary market. If we can only bring ourselves by force to accept the plot and the central catastrophe, there is little else at which the fastidious can take umbrage. *Le Pêché de Madeleine*, slight as it is, is a sketch drawn with literary skill, and by no means devoid either of sensibility or genius. It deserved to be reprinted in Paris, and, though its subject-matter should exclude it from the library of an English girl, it possesses qualities which justly claim acknowledgment.

The little story reminds one a good deal of the touch and manner of the authoress of *Paul Ferrol*. A gloomy sentimental light pervades the volume from the beginning to the end, in the middle of which stand out three figures—the heroine, her cousin, and her cousin's husband, Robert Wall. There are no other characters in the book, and the outer world seems never to come near or to mix with them. Madeleine, the heroine, is supposed to be recording the confession of her own life and its brief lever, and it is a proof of the writer's real skill that the confession is tinged all through with the gloomy and isolated egotism which we should expect in an actual confession of the kind. A great passion does doubtless concentrate all the sufferer's interest on himself or herself, and make the voices of the world outside sound faintly and as if they were far away. The figures of the few chief actors in his own life—tragedy have a tendency always to grow upon a man, and to assume strange and unnatural proportions quite out of keeping with what the figures would be in every-day life if he were able to reduce them to the common scale, and to compare them with the size and stature of other men and women. For the time all other men and women seem to vanish out of sight. He can see nothing but the one exaggerated and absorbing group, standing in a wild and exceptional light of their own. Such is the law of passion, and the author of *Le Pêché de Madeleine* shows that she understands what she is about in telling her story in this way. For no one who reads can doubt that the unknown author is a woman. First, there is a good deal of a woman's refinement in the book, though there is nothing virginal and inexperienced in it. Then, again, the sentimentality of the painting of character is peculiarly feminine. The portrait of Robert Wall—passionate, self-contained, tender, and yet devoid of any strong feeling of duty—is evidently a woman's doing. No one else could reproduce so strikingly the light in which, after the lapse of ten years, a man appears to a woman's imagination who has fascinated her, who still seems to fascinate her, and whose fatal sin against her is redeemed in her eyes by the thought that he has never been willingly unfaithful to his love for her. And the hand which has drawn such a picture, though feminine, is by no means young in the ordinary sense of the term. There is a suppressed power of observation here and there—little bits of condensed experience and knowledge of human nature, given in apparently accidental turns of a sentence or a paragraph—which indicate maturity of mind and feeling, if not of years. If it were not for the traces of literary art, any one might take the book for an autobiography. Years after, Madeleine recalls how the rain and the wind beat against her face, as she opened her window at night, and found her lover in the trees outside amid the rain. Years after, she recollects the curious effect of the music of the *Barbiere* upon her nerves, the night that Robert Wall first tells her of his love. These are little points, typical of a hundred other similar little points, of which the authoress does not make too much, as a writer would do who had little reticence or self-control, but which she throws in quite simply and shortly, without any apparent wish to produce effect. They give a finish to the story which is decidedly pleasing, and it is only remarkable that a tyro who understands the literary value of such little touches should not have exaggerated or overdone them. The distinct absence of all high moral or religious sentiment in Madeleine's account of the crisis of her life is also very life-like. She is broken-hearted when she finds that, in spite of all her pride, her education, and her dignity, she has fallen. Life has lost all its value for her, and the love of her lover itself hardly reconciles her to existence. She cannot bear to think of the pain she has given Robert's wife, Louise—the sisterly cousin whom she loves so dearly and whom she has so deeply wronged. Under the strong influence of remorse at the suffering she has inflicted, she quits Robert without farewell, and buries herself in a convent, so that Robert, Louise, and all the world may for ever think her dead. There she lives on for ten bleak years, during which she is supposed to write her history. Every one would say that she was a penitent. A penitent in one shape she certainly is. She is bitterly ashamed of her lot, and is stricken to the ground at the thought of her ruined pride, her lost purity, her wasted career, and the evil she has done to Louise. But her penitence is uncoloured by religious enthusiasm. The convent life gives her no consolation, and all is to her full of dreary misery and *ennui*. Pride, despair, and a species of generous self-sacrifice keep her resolutely dead to the world and to her family, but piety has nothing to do with her seclusion. This is very true painting, and shows considerable

power. In one way it spoils the sentimental effect of the book. It makes it end as drearily as it has begun. There is no silver lining to the clouds of Madeleine's life. But it would be unjust to call such a picture of repentance immoral. This is, in fact, the ghastly ruin which sin perhaps usually leaves, and it is as striking a sermon against sin as a hundred unctuous descriptions of converted and glorified Magdalenes. At last Madeleine begins to sicken and fade. She is soon about to exchange the narrow limits of her cell for a still narrower dwelling-place. One day she sees reflected in her window-pane a phantom which is all that remains of her former self:—

Tantôt j'étais près de ma fenêtre ouverte, seule comme toujours, et je poursuivais dans les profondeurs sans tache du ciel je ne sais quelles visions qui m'emportaient loin de la terre. En abaissant les yeux sur la vitre, appuyée contre la boiserie noire, j'ai aperçu, se reflétant comme dans un miroir, une figure dont l'aspect m'a saisie: des yeux agrandis outre mesure, une bouche sévère et douloureuse, un visage aminci, dont les contours se confondaient avec les linges blancs de sa coiffe. Où donc avais-je autrefois rencontré cette femme? Elle était vêtue de l'habit des pénitentes: comment ne l'avais-je vue déjà dans la maison?

Par un brusque mouvement de curiosité, je me suis retournée; le pâle fantôme s'est retourné comme moi.

Je n'ai pu retenir un sourire.—Quoi! c'est vous, Madeleine? Qu'avez-vous fait de votre jeunesse et de votre beauté, pauvre fille?

Ce visage oublié depuis dix ans, je l'ai regardé de nouveau; il ne semble plus appartenir à un être vivant. Personne au monde ne pourrait maintenant me reconnaître,—non, personne! Ai-je dit que le temps passait sans rien enlever? Il a emporté tout, au contraire, sauf la douleur.

We have spoken of the considerable merits of *Le Pêché de Madeleine*. In order to be impartial, one must not forget some of its defects. First of all, there is the great defect that the book as a whole only produces a painful impression. A work of art, to be complete, ought to do something more than this. The author of a painful story ought to have some good reason for the pain that he gives his readers, or he is merely a morbid, though he may be a clever, writer. We confess that we do not see a sufficient end to counterbalance all the painful emotion and torture of the nerves of which *Le Pêché de Madeleine* is full. What object is to be gained by drawing so powerfully the wretched passion of a girl for her adopted sister's husband, or by dwelling in detail on the circumstances and misery of her fall? Such a kind of career is more exceptional than disease, and is by no means a natural incident of human weakness. We cannot now stop to examine the origin of the principles of literary art against which such a plot offends; it is enough to say that they are inflexible. It is not because the seduction of a poor milliner's apprentice is less criminal than the seduction of an educated girl that a book like *Ruth* is exempt from the criticism which *Le Pêché de Madeleine* deserves. The former tale has a moral purpose and a moral value which the latter lacks. This overrides the disagreeable nature of the plot, and brings beauty out of what is at first sight repulsive. The Greek tragedians in like manner often built a splendid drama upon a horrible and repulsive myth. The moral tastes of antiquity were different from ours, but the most hideous incidents of a Greek tragedy are always subordinate to, and illustrative of, some grand and overpowering idea which it was the poet's wish to develop, and which gave a religious colour and tone to the hideous incidents themselves. Shelley's *Cenci* imitates the horror without reproducing the religious sublimity, and therefore Shelley's *Cenci*, as a work of art, is little better than a Greek tragedy caricatured. The justification of most novels of the kind which can be justified at all is surely that the moral of them appears to be, that without education, refinement, and habits of self-control, women may be drawn into acts which ruin their happiness and the happiness of those that love them. What earthly use is there in describing the one case out of a hundred in which feminine delicacy, refinement, education, self-control is itself a miserable failure? Perhaps there might be some use in proving that religion is necessary as well. Such, however, is not the object or spirit of the *Pêché de Madeleine*. Religion does not make its appearance from first to last upon the scene, and Madeleine in the convent is not more of a shining religious character than when she is in the arms of her lover. All that we learn from her biography is, that when an educated and refined woman's virtue falls, great indeed is the fall thereof. This is very little to learn. *Le Pêché de Madeleine* is therefore open to the charge that, with all its beauty of style and sentiment, it is at best a melancholy, though not an immoral, picture of an exceptional malady.

As a sketch of life and manners, *Le Pêché de Madeleine* must again be considered imperfect. It is rather a sketch of what life appears when seen through the lurid atmosphere of passion—a study not so much of character as of physiological disease. We see Madeleine herself from the inside, and are present at all her struggles and internal phases. Robert Wall we only know from the outside. We comprehend perfectly what he looks like to Madeleine's eyes, but what he is in reality, or what he thinks and suffers, we never understand. The story is anything but dramatic. It is only a vivid and sad description by a woman of what she thought she saw in her lover and her friends, not an intuitive and penetrating analysis of what the lover and friends actually are. When the book is closed, we perceive that we have only had Madeleine's account, and that the other side of the story still remains to be told. The authoress indeed only professes to give us Madeleine's account, and she cannot be greatly blamed for not doing more than she means to do. But it is not so high an effort of genius to

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portray life and passion from one isolated point of view as to be able to rise to higher ground, and to survey life more largely, and with more truth and impartiality. The story would be more beautiful, more moral, and less painful if it were more complete. Unfortunately for the general effect, the personality and individuality of Madeleine is exaggerated at the expense of that of the other figures. Thus the authoress positively ventures to give us a copy of verses à la Lamartine which Madeleine is supposed to have written upon the subject of her own seduction. We hope that this is very French, for, if it is not very French, it is very unnatural. Many women by long practice arrive at the power of putting their real and unaffected emotions into feeble verse, and a woman might cultivate her powers of expression up to the point of rhyming over her own ruin. But in a serious novel such morbid sentimentalism is purely a disfigurement and a defect. Madeleine might conceivably have written the verses, for we are all verse-making animals; but it is difficult to believe that she would not, ten years after, be ashamed of copying them into her diary. The idea of such an expansive poetical taste does not fit in well with the idea of a heartbroken woman in her cell. It diminishes instead of adding to the interest. The editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, who seems to have partially pruned the unknown novelist's work, might without much harm have lopped off the unnecessary poem. It is one of several stumbling-blocks which will justly offend English readers, who can appreciate genuine sentiment, but who find a difficulty in reconciling themselves to any attempt at throwing a sickly varnish of poetry over a narrative of real misery and folly.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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A French Precursor of Hegel. Jenny and Jenny Jessamy. Ulric of Wurtemberg. Miss Carrow. Adventures in Bernese. "Group your Kettle." Three Great Teachers. Le Pêché de Madeleine.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, Hanover Square Rooms.—Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett. EIGHTH and LAST CONCERT, Monday, July 10, at eight o'clock. Programme: Mendelssohn's Symphony in C minor, Mozart's Piano Concerto in C, and Bennett's Overture Fantasia "Paradise and the Peri" (composed expressly for the Society); Beethoven's Sonata Eroica, and Weber's Jubilee Overture. Pianists.—Herr Pauer. Vocalists.—Madlle. Sarcia, Madame Trebelli, and Signor Gardoni. Tickets at Messrs. Addison & Lucas's, 210 Regent Street.

JULY 13.—HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR, St. James's Hall, Eight o'clock.—Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Edmonds, Signor Ciabatta, Mr. Lewis Thomas, Herr Ludwig Straus, and Madame Arabella Goddard. EXTRA CONCERT for the Benefit of a Member of the Choir who has suffered from misfortune.—Stalls, 6s. to admit Four, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s. Admission, 1s. At all Music-sellers, and at Austin's, 25 Piccadilly.

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HORSE SHOW.—AGRICULTURAL HALL, London. Admission, Saturday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, 1s. Doors Open at 10 A.M.

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June 21.

HENRY PARKINSON, Sec. and Comptroller.

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ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, the Contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, to which has been added ROSA BONHEUR'S NEW PICTURE of a Family of Deer crossing the Summit of the Long Rocks ("Forêt de Fontainebleau"), is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

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SCHOLARSHIPS and PRIZES.

WARNEFORD SCHOLARSHIPS.—Students entering the Medical Department of this College in October next will have the exclusive privilege of contending for Three Scholarships of £25 each, two to be held for Three Years, and one for Two Years each. Six Medical Scholarships are awarded at the close of each Winter Session, for Proficiency in Professional Subjects.—viz. One of £40, for Two Years; one of £25, for One Year; one of £20, for Two Years; and three of £20, for One Year. The Donor's Scholarship of £20, for Two Years, and the Divinity Scholarship of £20, for One Year, are also open to Students of the Medical Department.

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For further information apply personally, or by letter marked outside "Prospectus," to J. W. CUNNINGHAM, Esq., Secretary.

R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY in IRELAND.—NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN that on Saturday, the 13th day of July next, the Senate of the Queen's University will proceed to ELECT EXAMINERS in the following Subjects, and at the same time, to hold such Examinations during the ensuing Year as are now or may be appointed by the Senate. The Examinations will begin on the 25th of September. Salaries commence on the next Quarter-Day after Election:—

Subject.	Salary.
Law	£40
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Application to be made by letter, addressed to me, on or before the 10th of July. Applications received after that date will not be considered.

G. JOHNSTONE STONEY, M.A., F.R.S., Secretary.

By Order.

Queen's University, Dublin Castle.

NOTICE TO GRADUATES OF THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

Graduates of the Queen's University are requested to send their Address to the Secretary, Dublin Castle, in order that they may receive notice of Meetings of Convocation. Copies of the Royal Charter whereby Convocation has been constituted may be obtained by Graduates at the Secretary's Office.

QUEEN'S COLLEGES, Ireland.—The PROFESSORSHIP OF

the PRACTICE OF MEDICINE in the Queen's College, Belfast, being now VACANT, Candidates for that Office are requested to forward their Testimonials to "The Under Secretary, Dublin Castle," on or before the 10th day of August next, in order that the same may be submitted to the Lord-Lieutenant at the House of Commons. The Candidate who may be selected for the above Professorship will have to enter upon his duties in October next.

Dublin Castle, July 3, 1865.

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The next Term will commence on September 5.

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